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CHARITY CLEARING HOUSES.

HOW CHARITABLE NEW YORK DETECTS IMPOSTERS.

The Means Taken to Check the Perpetration of Frauds in this Direction—Masonic Relief.

The picture drawn centuries ago by St. Paul of a suffering, yet kindly charity has been changed but little in its details by the flight of years. The sole difference between the charity of those days and that of to-day is that she has more suffering to do and quite as much kindliness to exercise. If all men were sober, honest and industrious, there would be fewer burdens piled upon her heavily-laden shoulders, fewer piteous tales poured into her sympathetic ear and none of the mendicancy that impudently flaunts its ostentatious misery in the public face. Mankind, however, contains a dishonest and lazy element, whose trickery plays upon and outrages the charitable disposition to the great prejudice of the honestly unfortunate. The evil has, indeed, reached such a point that the giving of alms has become a sharp contest of wits, in which the beggar seeks to devise new schemes for fleecing his patron, who is forced to surround himself with a veritable wall of precautionary measures to save himself from imposition. These reasons have so urged upon charity the duty of adding, to her old-time virtues of suffering and kindness, another which better fits her for work in these modern days—self-protection—that through her representatives in New York city, she has established a charity "clearing house."

The official title of this concern is "The Charity Organization Society of the City of New York," and it claims to be "a clearing-house for charity," though its functions partake quite as much of the nature of those attached to mercantile agencies. Its objects are the establishment of center of intercommunication and the exchanging of information among the various churches and charitable agencies of the city, fostering harmonious co-operation and checking the overlapping of relief; the thorough and free investigation of the cases of all applicants for relief referred to them, and the sending of confidential reports concerning such person to all persons legitimately interested in the result of the investigation; the obtaining of relief from charitable sources for deserving cases; the procuring of work for poor persons; the detection and prosecution of impostors, and the advocacy of sanitary reforms and other agencies for the improvement of the condition of the poor. It is entirely nonsectarian, forming a medium for systematic charity for Protestant, Catholic or Hebrew, society or individual. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and since its establishment seven years ago has grown into one of the most powerful and complete agencies for the repression of pauperism and the dispensing of true charity to be found in the country.

One of the most interesting branches of the work of this society is that relating to the exposure and suppression of frauds. The society employs a special officer to do the necessary detective work. He investigates all cases assigned to him by it, warns the offender on the first offense and arrests him on the second. In this way many professional beggars have been driven from the streets, and their signs, "Help the Blind," "I was blown up by a blasting accident and lost my sight," "Please help me," and many other of that nature, adorn the trophy collection of the Central Office in University Place.

The exposure and suppression of dishonest and mischievous enterprises, pretending to be for charitable purposes, which spring up in a generous community like this as do weeds in a richly fertilized garden, has been a prominent feature of the society's work.

It is well known that rich men are overwhelmed by a steady stream of "begging letters." Many of the wealthy citizens of New York have therefore become members of this society for their own protection. All begging letters received by them are forwarded to it. The result is a collection of such letters that would delight the soul of a student of epistolary literature. Many of them are directed to such well-known names as Vanderbilt, Goelet, Lorillard, Gerry, Webb, Dodge, Dillon, Astor and others. They draw pathetic pictures of woe, suffering, misfortune and distress. None ask for work, but all ask for money.

New Yorkers are frequently commented upon as cold, grasping and ungenerous, but it is safe to say that no more liberal community exists on the American continent. The roster of benevolent societies here is so long as to cause surprise to the reader, and they are especial objects for the rapacity of such birds of prey as attend a cosmopolitan population and a practically unchecked stream of immigration. The necessity has forced them into the adoption of systematic measures for self-protection.

Accordingly, in 1884, the Grand Lodge of Masons of New York organized a Board of Relief, of which William Delamater, Esq., of the Police Department, is Secretary, intended to promptly relieve cases of actual distress among Masons, without supporting pensioners, and to be a sort of detective agency to ferret out and punish "beats." Applications were constantly made to the various lodges and prominent Masons, and the pressure was greatly augmented by the tremendous influx of foreigners. The lodges were expending large sums of money in charity, while the number of applications was increasing. The Board, when organized, was composed of delegates from the contributing lodges, and supported by the voluntary contributions of about one-third of the city lodges, at the rate of twenty-five cents a year for each member. It soon discovered that the primitive method of dispensing charity then in vogue was unequal to the task of exposing the numerous "beats" that swarmed around the fountain of Masonic charity, and it began to organize a system for its charitable work. The result has been that the Secretary's big record book strikes terror to the heart of the professional Masonic "beats," and the meeting room of the Board displays several trophies in the shape of hats whose owners have precipitately departed when the Secretary took down his book and began to turn over its pages. In that book are recorded the names, descriptions, stories told by each, and the full report of the investigation made by the Board, and it has several times been used as evidence in Court, doing much to rid the city of a large and troublesome tramp element. When the Board was first organized the percentage of imposters to applications were enormous. The statistics of the first year's work showed that fully 80 per cent. of the applications were fraudulent. The percentage has now been reduced to 30 by careful investigation and vigorous prosecution of imposters.

Not long ago an applicant for assistance came before the Board with a most pitiful story of misfortune and distress, which was at first believed, but carefully investigated. It was ascertained that the applicant had become a member of several lodges under different names, had been expelled from some of them, and had most elaborately lied to the Board. He was promptly arrested, indicted, tried in the Court of General Sessions, and sent to the penitentiary. On his release he transferred his field of operations to Yonkers, where he applied to Nepperhan Lodge for relief. Among those present was a Mason from New York city, who recognized the old story and exposed him. He was promptly arrested, tried, and sent to the penitentiary a second time.

The most flagrant case that has come up for several years was that of a man dressed in the garb of a sailor who applied for relief, stating that he was a member of a lodge in Connecticut and wanted sufficient money to pay his railroad fare to a town in that State, where his family was. A telegram to the lodge he referred to brough the reply that he was in good standing, whereupon he was given money for his passage. Three months afterward he applied a second time in another dress and under another name, asking aid for a sick (?) Mason in Brooklyn who wanted to be sent home to Germany. He was recognized and his story found to be false. The Board then prosecuted him in the Court of Special Sessions, before Judges Gorman, Powers, Smyth and Murray. He was convicted and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Among the items of evidence produced at the trial were the contents of his closet at a Bowery lodging-house, where papers were found showing that under different names he had been a member of two lodges of Odd Fellows, two Masonic lodges, three lodges of Knights of Pythias, and two posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, besides being a professional repeater at elections, a Government pensioner drawing a pension under a fraudulent claim, and being an applicant for a second pension under another name. He was reported to the United States authorities and taken in hand by them. Among his papers were also found notes of an elaborate scheme to swindle the various Orders named in different parts of the country by means of fraudulent applications for relief.

The duties of the Board of Relief are sometimes tinged with sadness, as is the case when it is called upon to care for persons dying away from home and friends. A few months ago two Masons from distant lodges were found ill and destitute in the tenement districts. They were taken to the hospital and carefully nursed, but died within a few hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave in the Masonic plot at Cypress Hills.

The work of the Masonic Board of Relief has not been confined to members of the Masonic order alone. It has been extended to the widows and daughters of Masons. Not long ago two applications were received from women who claimed to be widows of Masons. Investigation showed that one was as represented: that during the two years since her husband's death she had by her own labor supported herself and two children. She had lost her position, and all her valuables and trinkets were in pawn. The Board at once redeemed her jewelry, gave her enough money to supply present necessity, and set about finding her a permanent situation. The story of the other applicant proved to be false. Her husband was found living alone in the city, having separated from his wife on account of her vicious life. Assistance was refused, and a statement of the case made to every lodge represented in the Board and to the General Board, which will effectually stop that bit of imposture.

ART NOTES.

The regular and Saturday classes in the Sacramento School of Design (E. B. Crocker Art Gallery) are now larger than at any time since the first and second years of the school.

It is proposed to open a class in wood-carving at the Sacramento School of Design, in the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery. Wood-carving, as an industrial art, has had a great revival in Europe recently.

William Morris, the poet and designer, is very unpopular in England just now, for he has been telling the shopkeepers that two-thirds of the things seen in their windows are "hideous in color and form, without the semblance of the artistic spirit in them.

At the late Exposition a grand prize was awarded Chelmouski, the Russian painter, on a picture outside the rules, having been painted in 1875. A grand prize was awarded to Paul Bartlett for his "Bohemian and Bear Cubs," and a placard to that effect fixed to the group. But the placard was withdrawn, and young Mr. Bartlett does not get so high an honor.

The southernmost house in England is occupied by the distinguished Cornish water-color artist, Thomas Hart. His studio, to which connoisseurs and picture fanciers are wont to make pilgrimages, is situated under the shadow of the Lizard lighthouse, and the southernmost fixture of the work of human hands on the coast line of old England is Mr. Hart's boat-house, at the foot of his delightful garden and grounds.

Messrs. Bode, Miller-Walde, Lubke and other experts of Germany pronounce genuine a little painting which has been assigned to Lionardo da Vinci by the Director of the Pinakothek of Munich. It came from the Bavarian town of Gunzberg and has been acquired by the museum. Paintings by da Vinci are extremely rare, many which used to be assigned to him having been proved the work of contemporaries.

The English painter W. B. Richmond intends to open a school in London as a means to counteract the growing tendency of English students to migrate to Paris. At the Art Congress he maintained that all the really great art of France had been produced under the influence of Italian masters and attributed the movement among English art students to the fact that capable masters in England did not open schools. As Mr. Richmond is famous for the worst faults found in British art it may be curious to see the result.

"We went this morning to see Carolus Duran," wrote Marie Bashkirtseff in 1882, two years before her death. "What a charming and admirable being he is! People are disposed to laugh at him because he can do a little of everything. He shoots well, he rides, he dances, he plays the piano, the organ and the guitar, and he sings. They say he dances badly, but as for the other things he does them with inimitable grace. He fancies himself a Spaniard and a Velasquez. His appearance is very attractive, his conversation interesting, and there is in his whole air something so amiable, so frank and so self-satisfied; he has so evident an enjoyment in the admiration of his own proper person that one cannot bear him ill-will for it—on the contrary."

Asking Too Much.

Phunneman (just engaged to conduct the joke department of the *Sidesplitter*)—"See here, Mr. Manager, are these my instructions?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well I guess I might as well resign."

"Resign! What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean! I mean just this. I am going to quit. I'm willing to do what is right, but when a man expects me to conduct the funny department of his paper and not say a word about mothers-in-law, typewriters, bathing suits or party dresses, it is carrying things just a little too far, and I want you to understand, sir, that I cannot be imposed upon in any such manner. No, sir, not by a jugful."—*American Commercial Traveller.*

An old negro, Uncle Sabe Melton, arrived in Atlanta, Ga., from Opelika, Ala., the other day. He owns a fine farm, has money in the bank, and, though sixty-two years old, can outwork any of the boys on his farm. His errand in Atlanta was to buy eighty acres of land adjoining his farm, owned by a lady in that city. This will give him about two hundred acres, which is worth about ten dollars an acre. Uncle Sabe says any negro can prosper in the South if he works and attends to his own business.

AMERICAN RIDERS.

TOO MUCH HURRY IN THIS, AS IN OTHER THINGS.

Kentuckians and Virginians at Home on Horseback—How New Yorkers Ride.

"Some Americans ride well, but many do not," said Lieutenant Victor Lindholm, once an officer in the Danish army, now a riding-master in New York. Lieutenant Lindholm knows what clever young men and women from all parts of the country can and cannot do when placed on a horse.

"What I mean," he continued, "is this: No people on earth excel the Southern and Western men and women in riding at a canter or a dead run, but if you put a Kentucky belle, a Virginia gentlemen or even a Western cowboy on a trotting horse such as is used for park-riding, any one of the three will cut a sorry figure. Kentuckians boast that no women in the world can ride like their women, and this is partly true; but few Kentucky women learn to set a horse as a fashionable woman of the world ride."

The riding master laughed as if he had amusing mental visions, when he was asked whether the average New Yorker is at home on a horse.

"Anything but that," said he. "It is true that the best riders in America, from my point of view, live in New York, but they are made such at the riding schools. The timidity of men at first learning is absurd. I would rather teach ten women than one man. The ladies are nervous at first, but once they learn to balance they have no more fear. I think the difference is caused by the firmer seat that a woman has. Not that I believe in the seat. It is cramped and unnatural, and modern women ought long since to have discarded the English court ladies' servile imitation of a deformed Princess 300 years ago, who rode thus because she could ride in no other way. But the seat gives a woman confidence, for no horse can throw her if she learns to sit deep in her saddle and hold hard to the pommel by her right limb.

"The fault of the American rider is the fault of American life in other things—hurry. When once a man gains confidence he wishes to show himself in public. No rider should do that until he has taken ten lessons, and then he should ride a quiet horse. When a man comes to me to learn riding, I ask whether he wishes to be a thorough horseman or only to ride in the park and in quiet country lanes. Most men say the latter. Few New Yorkers learn to ride to hounds. That is common in Washington. Well, if a man wishes to be a thorough horseman, I put him on a horse without a saddle, and teach him to maintain his seat by pressure of the knees and the inside of the upper leg. A good rider, though he should have his legs cut off at the knees, would be able to manage a mettlesome horse. After a pupil has learned the use of his knees I give him saddle and stirrups. He still depends on his knees, but he uses the saddle as a secondary aid.

"If a man wishes to learn merely so much as will enable him to ride in the park without looking ridiculous, I shorten the stirrups and teach him part of what I teach the other. It is a matter of a lifetime to become a good rider. Part of this is to keep a seat close to the saddle when a horse trots. The ordinary rider does not learn this. We teach him to rise in his saddle. It is not necessary. By perseverance one can learn to take off the jolt by giving at the back and letting the toes rest in the stirrup. To be a really good rider of this sort, however, one must be a good gymnast."

"Do children learn to ride easily?"

"Yes; at proper age. It is a mistake to teach young children to ride, particularly girls, because the woman's seat is so unnatural and so twists the spine that a young girl cannot well endure it. Girls should not begin learning under 12 years of age."

"Where do we get our best saddle horses?"

"There is nothing finer than the well bred American horse. The best are from Kentucky. They are trained to 'high school' there in winter and brought to New York for sale in April. 'High school'—that is when a horse is graduated. He can walk Spanish, trot Spanish, pironette, and traverse. These are the graceful motions you notice in a high-spirited, well-bred horse. A 'high school' thoroughbred brings from $500 to $1,200. Such horses are best at six or seven years of age. Younger they are but babies and cannot stand wear. You must not let an unexperienced rider use a thoroughbred. It is dangerous for the rider and bad for the horse. The thoroughbred is most mettlesome when he is well warmed up to his work. It is then that the ordinary horse loses his frisky spirit. A good rider may do what he will with the thoroughbred. Horse and man are one. But a bad rider maddens such a horse. There are fine horses, too, from Canada, from New York State and from Virginia. The best riding horse is from fifteen to sixteen hands high. The broncho? You cannot trust him. Perhaps he may serve you well for four or five years, and then suddenly he will buck. I rode a broncho in Brooklyn for eight days. He was delightful. Then suddenly on the ninth day he began bucking. I staid on him, but I thought he would drive my spine up into my brain. When he could not get me off he fell over on his side, and I just escaped a broken leg and a crushing by a quick leap."

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland will shortly visit Florida.

The Queen Regent of Spain is simple in her manners, and is slowly relaxing the rigid etiquette of the Spanish Court.

Announcement is made that Governor McKinney of Virginia never swears, never smokes and has never consumed more than half a gallon of whisky.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, as youthful as his old age is, declines to follow the example of certain of his great English masters and issue a volume of his poems.

Secretary Rusk was asked recently to take a hand at poker. He refused on the ground that the crops fully satisfied his interest in the fluctuations of chance.

George W. Smalley's criticism of the late Robert Browning's neglect of beauty of form in poetical composition is receiving wide and well-merited attention.

It is said that the Shah wanted Hadji Hassein Khooly Khan to return to the United States, but Hadji politely declined. The freedom of the American press was too much for Hadji.

Mr. Stanley long ago received the freedom of the city of London, but not the golden casket in which the parchment is contained. That will be presented to him on his return this month.

Among those who listened carefully to Mr. Brackett's inaugural address as Governor of Massachusetts, and applauded it cordially, was Mr. Russell, who was his rival in the electoral campaign.

General Alger proposes in a few days to set out in his private car on a tour of examination of the G. A. R. posts that will embrace every department in the United States. Such a tour is prescribed by custom.

There is a vast deal of public discussion at Alleghany, Penn., as to the organization and management of the library which Mr. Carnegie is founding, which is very pleasing to Mr. Carnegie, who looks for wisdom to proceed from such counsel.

Lieutenant Andrew G. Curtin Quay, U. S. A., son of Senator Quay, is in Philadelphia. He is a short young man, with a small mustache. He has come East on his first furlough. He was graduated at West Point last June, and is stationed in the far West.

Mr. Lloyd, the owner of the London *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's Newspaper*, not only makes his own paper, but also grows the grass from which the paper is made. Up to the hour of going to press he had not succeeded in making the seed from which the grass is grown.

The oldest living graduate of the medical college of the University of Pennsylvania is Dr. Isaac Z. Coffman, of Phœnixville, Pa. He was 85 years of age on New Year's Day. He was graduated in 1829, and has been in active practice ever since. He does not look over 60.

Great doings are going on in Edison's works at Orange, N. J., and the little children of the earth are to be the beneficiaries. For what is Edison doing but making 50,000 dolls with phonographs inside 'em. These wax babies are to be made ready to talk and sing in any language for which Mr. Edison shall provide a phonograph cylinder. These cylinders are to be stamped with all sorts of melodies and Mother Goose nonsense, and all your little one has to do to convert her English doll into a doll of another nation is to open the doll's back and change the cylinder.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Courier* writes: "I have taken the trouble to ascertain from an undoubted authority how the Prince of Wales really is. My informant told me that this spring the Prince was indeed ill. Like almost every member of his family, he has a tendency to gout and to rheumatism. Some years ago he suffered from a varicose vein, and, as ill-luck would have it, a sharp attack of rheumatic gout came on at the very time when the varicose vein had swollen—as is frequently the case—and was 'bad.' This necessitated the Prince resting, and he is a man with whom rest is the reverse of beneficial. He needs a great deal of outdoor exercise, and that of a rather violent character, and confinement has not improved his condition. There is also no doubt but that his kidneys have been much out of order, but there is no permanent disease."

IN THE LADIES' PARLOR.

Enjoying the Different Types of Feminine Nature.

[From the Youth's Companion.]

No one who is obliged to wait in the ladies' parlor of one of our large stores need be at a loss for amusement. To any person with an observant pair of eyes, entertainment is provided free. There is no better place in which to see and enjoy different types of feminine nature.

There is the old lady from the country, up for a day's shopping. She is arrayed in rusty black, with a big plaid shawl, and carries a brown carpet bag, with a green parrot swinging in a yellow ring worked upon it.

When she opens her bag and innocently begins to munch her doughnut—seated as she is immediately beneath the notice, "Luncheons Must Not be Eaten Here"—even the woman in charge of the place, noting how carefully she collects every crumb in the paper on her knee, has not the heart to disturb her.

As she rises to go the two gay young girls who have been chattering in a corner while one of them coaxed a pair of new gloves upon her plump hands, rise also. The old lady speaks to them; and they are heard to say in reply:

"Oh, yes; they are going the same way, and they will put her into the right car with pleasure."

One of them takes her bag; the newly gloved fingers of the other daintily lift the paper containing the remains of the doughnut and turnover; she flits across the room and tosses it into the fire, then runs laughing to catch up with the other. The three pass out together, the little drama ends, and the observer looks about to find some other persons worthy of his attention.

There is the rosy lady with the music roll, warming her numb hands at the fire, and keeping one eye on the clock to see if she must start yet for her class—a country girl, evidently, come thirty or forty miles in this bleak weather to take her lesson in the city.

There is the pale woman with the headache, her eyes closed, lying back with her head against a rolled-up shawl; and the pleasant matron who goes to her with a vinaigrette and a glass of water.

There is the distracted woman who has lost something, and keeps emptying her shopping-bag into her lap, opening and counting all the parcels, putting them back, sitting still a few minutes with an expression of dismal resignation, and then, apparently thinking that, after all, perhaps she has overlooked it, repeating the same process from the beginning.

There is the near-sighted girl holding a Greek grammar close to her face and muttering conjugations.

All these are interesting, but the observer is more attracted toward two young women in the dimmist and remotest nook of the room, who are laughing a good deal while one of them tries to place herself so as to conceal what the other is doing.

For some time this remains a mystery, but, presently, stepping across the two valises at their feet, the young women come forward, and one of them is seen to be bareheaded.

She goes to the glass, and there tries on a very pretty little bonnet, evidently just trimmed, and turns to her companion for inspection. It is approved, and they return to their seat, with whispering and more laughter, and appear to be making up a bundle there.

The observer makes a shrewd guess at what it is; he thinks they are from out of town, and are starting on a journey, and that she needed a traveling bonnet, and had had no time to get it before.

There! they are going; they are gone. A parcel lies on the seat they had occupied. The woman in charge comes up; smiles; smiles more broadly; opens and displays it. Sure enough, it is the shabby, old, discarded hat, labeled, in large, penciled letters, on a conspicuous tag:

"For the Worthy Poor?"

Novel Way of Striking Roses.

Recently I was conversing with a policeman who is a rose enthusiast, and he told me he had strong bushes of some of the best hybrid perpetuals upon their own roots, that he had rooted himself in a way quite new to me. Having obtained a suitable shoot, or several of them, they were placed in an ordinary bottle, which contained some water, and this bottle was hung upon the wall of the house in a sunny position and there left, water being supplied to make up the deficiency caused by evaporation. In this water, which often becomes very warm from the heat of the sun, the cuttings remained, and after a short period they callused, when they were taken out and dibbled into pots in the ordinary way, the formation of the roots soon taking place. The above plan was claimed as expeditious, as the cuttings callused much sooner in water than they did in the soil. It is known that many things root readily in water, and oleanders are frequently propagated in that way, whilst some Sedum spectabile that I have lately had in a cut state had rooted freely long before the flowers faded. With the roses, if cutting is once nicely callused, success is always a certainty, and if this needed state can be brought about by immersion of the base in water, we then have a simple and valuable aid to rose propagation, because it is much easier to preserve alive a cutting placed in water than it is one in the soil during its early stage.—*Vick's Magazine.*

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

SOME INTERESTING STORIES OF THE STAGE.

The Actors and Actresses of Old That Come Not Back—Dressing-Room Talk With Rhea.

One of the most welcome newcomers behind the Museum footlights, says a writer in the Boston *Commonwealth*, startled me the other day by referring to Mr. Wilson as one of "the veterans" of the company, and I suppose I startled her in turn with a new consciousness of my antiquity by the exclamation that to me Mr. Wilson seemed but a boy, just serving his apprenticeship.

The "veterans" of the company! Some of us would almost risk a journey across the Styx, so we were sure of getting a return ticket, to see the "veterans" of the Museum company in one of their old bills.

I, for one, would not ask a very famous play; nothing Shakespearean, for instance, though I freely admit that for half a scene of Warren's Dogberry I would barter all the glittering productions of the omnipotent modern "scenic artist." No, nothing Shakespearean; but perhaps, if I may choose, an evening of "Guy Mannering," as it used to be given at the Museum in the days when there were giants on the earth. Lift again, O curtain, darker and denser than any that will rise and fall tonight, and show us the old inn at Kipplestringan, and the villagers, trolling around the fire that quaint old song—

> The winds whistle cold,
> And the stars glimmer red.

Let us hail her back among us—for oh, how natural it is to see her in her old place—and how credulous were we to fancy such as she could die—dear, plump, rosy Mrs. Vincent, as in the landlady's flowered chintzes and muslin tucker she laments with Bailie Mucklethrift the downfall of the house of Bertram! And see the Bailie—he, too, rejoices our hearts with the assurance that it was all a dream that Uncle Jimmy Ring's merry face is folded away from us forevermore under the snow and the springing grasses!

Our pulses quicken, our hearts leap at the knowledge, now these have come back to us, who will surely and soon follow. Stand ready to thunder him a welcome as he comes somewhat doggedly in, his scholar's coat shiny at every seam, his mild, sweet, grave old face lit up with that perpetual wonder at mundane perplexities, which presently will breathe forth in that inimitable "Prodigious!" Dominie Sampson is back again among us for to-night! The secret of his beautiful personality, with its hold on our laughter and our tears, went with so many other stately and noble old-time traditions, into the grave which opened to receive William Warren. He alone can bring them back!

Bluff McClannin, as Dandie Dinmont, fights that famous fight upon the heather. And look! what frightsome figure is that, gaunt, gray, with the eyes of fire and a voice to chill the blood, at sight of whom the house rises in a frenzy of welcome? Cushman! Cushman! Back again at the call of the old friends who have passed into the shadows with you, and the old friends whose memory of your queenhood no shadow can ever dim! The one Meg Merrilies of the English stage. To see whom but once was to establish forever a "terrible standard" of what tragedy may be! Welcome back to the stage you best loved to tread, the character you loved well to interpret!

She will show us again what an actress can accomplish by sheer force of magnificent personality, independent of tinsel accessory. She will, as on one unforgotten night, stand in the sea-washed cave face to face with Dirk Hatteraick, and fix her snake-like eyes on his fascinated ones, slowly and terribly undulating head and neck like a cobra about to strike; and there will come the hiss—"I, your rock ahead? The gallows is your rock ahead!"—and the gypsy will madly tear away his neck-cloth, as if the noose were already in its place, and gasp, choking, as in its hempen grip. "On my soul"—the Dirk Hatteraick of that night told a fellow actor afterward—"as she looked at me I suffocated as I stood, and I had not breath enough to speak my lines!"

"Those times—oh, times?" where are they now, and where are those who were indeed the "veterans" of the museum stage? Where are the snows of yester year?

The auditorium is full; there is a burst of music. Is it because the shadows have vanished that everything seems suddenly to have turned a little garrish and new and chill?

Nevermore Guy Mannering, as in the old days of the giants. *Le roi est mort.* Ibsen now, and instead of Scott's fiery and splendid prose, spoken by a Cushman and a Warren, young Mr. ——, —I beg pardon, may I hear his name again?—interpreting for us the agonies of a gentleman whose theories on the proper method of drainage are not indorsed by his fellow townsmen.

A TALK WITH RHEA.

"I shall make them cry very soon now," announced the Empress Josephine (Rhea's Josephine) just after the close of the second act on Wednesday night, says the Detroit *Free Press.*

The drop curtain had just shut off the divorce scene from the eyes of the dear public which crowded the Opera House that night. I had just been piloted through the mysterious labyrinths behind the curtain to the star dressing room. On the way I had passed the enigmatical Napoleon conversing amiably with Talleyrand and minus his limp, and divers and sundry individuals who seemed on near acquaintance pieces of patchwork colored red, black and white.

In the dressing-room I found Josephine, her long white satin train wound serpentwise about her, as she perched on the edge of a cane-bottomed chair. She was talking glibly in French to her little Russian maid, who was folding the glories of the ermine-lined court train previous to placing it in a huge traveling box, which filled fully a third of the dressing-room.

"Rhea—is it madame or mademoiselle?" I asked, as I seated myself gingerly upon a chair placed very close to the Empress.

"It is mademoiselle," said she, smiling with her very red lips and very black eyes. "Just now it is Josephine, very much in love with Napoleon. Do you like Napoleon? No man in the world could play that part as Mr. Harris does. I fall in love with him every night."

"Do you really feel that you are Josephine?" (I was there to ask questions.)

"I feel nothing, except—that I love Napoleon—and France—and that very often it is horribly cold in the stage," she added honestly. "Oh, I love this play. I make people cry every night. Mrs. Harrison, the President's wife—she told me that I made her cry. I had great success in Washington, though, I won my greatest triumph. I had fifteen calls in one night."

"What a funny little room," said I, returning to our surroundings, and gazing curiously at the litter of toilet utensils, rouge-pots, pins and bits of twine which were scattered about.

"It is a palace!" cried Rhea, with a wave of her white arms, which included toilet utensils and all. "If you could see some!" and the hands and eyes are raised excitedly, as they were a little later when she cursed Marie Louise.

"You do not make up as some actresses do," I added, staring very hard at the face so near my own. "You look just as you did this morning when I saw you at the Cadillac."

"Oh, I like not too much of this," with a pretty little dab at the shadow of rouge on her cheek bones. "When I get up at 5—6 o'clock in the morning and look what you call a fright, people who see me all whisper, 'It is Rhea,' so I must look just as bad one time as another," and she shrugged her white shoulders.

"And now I must give you my photograph. See! I die every night in this dress—and I will write upon it my favorite lines—'A sacrifice for those we love carries its own reward.'"

Then we formed the prettiest tableau of the evening. A grand court gentleman brought the Empress some ink. The little maid govered her gown while she stood in the center of a curious group and scribbled with a spluttering pen the lines.

"Good-bye!" said she as she handed me the card and then she gave something nicer than the other reporters received—for Josephine, Empress of the French, kissed me.

Accepting the arm of the court gentleman we crept silently past the wings where we could see on the stage that Napoleon was again becoming Napoleonic.

He was cousulting the stars, and just as I passed through the narrow passage which leads to everyday life he was pleased to thunder forth, "The stars lie!" Just here it was that I parted with the court gentleman, and, though I regretted so doing, will admit feeling more at ease with the escort who awaited me just outside the mysterious little dark door through which I then passed.

IN GRAND OPERA.

Lillian Russell, the brilliant but willful singer, has perfected arrangements for her appearance in English opera in May. Her contract has been under consideration for a long while. At first Miss Russell demanded a salary of $200 a night. But this will be considerably modified. It will be her first appearance in English grand opera, and she will play in "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," and "Fra Diavola." The season is to last six weeks, and in the third week Miss Russell will sing the character of "Marguerite." Her appearance in grand opera will attract considerable attention.

DONE WITH A MAP.

A Newspaper Correspondent Astonishes the Cossacks.

A newspaper correspondent, David Ker, traveling in Central Asia, came one evening upon a Cossack camp. Fires were blazing and round them stretched the men, resting after a hard day's march. The traveler had been long on the road, and with his white Russian forage cap and travel-stained clothing, looked so much like the Cossacks themselves that he entered the camp quite unnoticed. Then he sat down on a stone and took out a colored map of the country, knowing that the strange sight would bring the men about him immediately.

"So it proved. I suddenly became aware of a gaunt, sallow, gray-mustached visage—so criss-crossed with saber scars as to look like a railway map—peering over my shoulder. Then another and another came edging in, till I was completely surrounded by wild figures and grim faces.

"'What's that picture, father? We can't quite make it out.'

"'It is not a picture at all, brothers—it's a plan that shows me the very way by which you have come here from holy Russia, and all the places you have passed through.'

"Then, seeming not to notice the looks of unbelief and the meaning grins with which my hearers received what they consider to be a most outrageous lie, I went on:

"'Up here at Orenburg, you passed the Ural river, and then marched eastward to Orsk, where you crossed the frontier and turned to the southeast.'

"'So we did comrades,' shouted a half dozen voices at once. 'He speaks the truth—so we did.'

"'Then we passed Fort Kara Butak, crossed the Kara Koum desert, and halted here and here and here'—naming and describing the various posts.

"The Cossacks listened open-mouthed to the familiar names, and the excited clamor was followed by a silence of utter amazement. Then one said:

"'Father, can you show us the very place where we are now?'

"'To be sure I can, my lad. See, that black spot is the village yonder; there's the river twisting and winding, and here is your camp.'

"There was another pause of blank bewilderment, and then the scarred veteran with the gray mustache asked in an awe-stricken whisper:

"'But, father, tell me for the love of heaven, if we've marched 1,000 miles since leaving holy Russia, how can it all go into a little scrap of paper no bigger than an Easter cake?'"

IT WAS EASY FOR HIM.

Opposition to the Rod by the Man Who Had No Boys.

"Yes, I believe in thrashing a boy," he was saying in a loud voice to a Cass avenue carful of passengers; "the more you thrash a boy the better it is for the boy."

"I think, sir," remarked a meek-looking man next to him, "that your language is very intemperate."

"What do you object to, may I ask? Is it the word thrash? You wouldn't have me say 'beat,' would you? Perhaps flog would suit you better."

"I cannot see the necessity of flogging boys, sir."

"What would you do with them, may I ask?"

"Reason with them. Talk to them in mild and encouraging tones. Remember that you were once a boy yourself."

"I do sir; and I am thankful every day of my life for the personal chastisements my good father bestowed on me."

"Cruel, cruel," murmured the meek man. "It is degrading to a boy to be whipped like a brute beast. No boy requires it. He can always be managed with kindness."

Every woman in the car looked curiously at the meek man, and the advocate of thrashing had a temporary chill. Then he leaned forward and inquired of the other:

"Can you manage your boys without corporal punishment?"

"I haven't any boys," was the serene answer, and everybody laughed.

It is so easy to bring up other people's children.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Notes About Old Folks.

Mr. Vanderwalker, of Weyawega, Wis., died a few days ago at the ripe old age of 99 years and 8 months.

Mrs. Sarah E. Braman, of Georgetown, Mass., recently celebrated her 99th birthday. She received numerous messages of congratulaton, and when a reporter called to pay his respects she grasped his hand with such vigor that he found it difficult to realize she had nearly reached the century line.

Isaac Lutz, of Clinton, Mo., will soon celebrate his ninetieth birthday. Mr. Lutz is the envy of many men twenty and thirty years his junior. He has no idea of feebleness, has not a gray hair in his head and up to quite recently put in full time at his trade, which is that of a bricklayer. He has a great aversion to tobacco in any form.

Mrs. Mary Bruner died recently near Derry Church, Pa. The deceased was born May 17, 1787, and was consequently in her 103d year. She had been in excellent health up to this week. She was the mother of fourteen children, eight of whom survive, the oldest being 80 years of age and the youngest 64 years. Her descendants number eight children, thirty-five grandchildren, 125 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren. Mrs. Bruner was an inveterate smoker, and possessed a remarkable memory, being fond of relating the early history of the century.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

The *Christian Irishman*, published in Ireland, says in a recent number: "The history of Ireland is very similar to that of Italy. Vast cathdrals and expensive episcopal palaces are being everywhere erected, while the mass of a constantly diminishing people remain in almost abject poverty. In a few years Ireland, like Italy fifty years ago, will be a land of stately structures and starving people."

The San Francisco *Monitor* (R. C.) says: "The Irish Bishops and priests are closely allied to Ireland's cause. On the recent release of William O'Brien from Galway jail the carriage of the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, was in waiting at the gaol, and having driven to the palace, Mr. O'Brien breakfasted with his Lordship. He next drove to Loughrea to meet the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, and the leading men on the Clanricarde estate. He dined with the Bishop and afterwards received various addresses. He then proceeded to Dublin, where he was overwhelmned with addresses and congratulations. When patriots are thus honored Ireland's struggle for freedom is sure to end in victory."

The *Pacific* says: "Those who are fond of anticipating the advent of a new Pope, and his policy, will see, by the burden of the recent 'Encyclical' from Rome that the present Pope is not altogether happy; that he is not encouraged about his restoration to temporal power, and that he feels the constant pressure of the Italian civil power upon his prerogatives and those of the clergy. The Italian Parliament distrusts the 'clergy' it has known so long and so thoroughly, and has recently taken from them the administration of certain large charitable funds and intrusted it to distinguished laymen chosen by itself. So far as Italy is itself concerned, it would relieve the Pope of his temporalities rather than increase them. Nor does Italy propose to be scolded out of its sense of propriety."

The *Pacific* says: "The tendencies and fashion of the hour are agnostic as regards all realities, certainly all realities of the unseen world; science in the realm of the senses and nescience in the realm of the spiritual and eternal; shadows we are there and shadows we pursue there. It is rather mortifying to think that so many people in this nineteenth century of our Lord have gone back and taken no higher or nobler position than that of Pilate. Surely, students of history know that all the uplift that has slowly been coming in the modern centuries has come, not from the agnostic question, What is truth? but from the positive affirmation of him before whom Pilot stood, and who proclaimed himself born to bear witness to the truth. There is a great realm, indeed, in which we are only inquirers, and baffled in our inquiries, too. But there is a great spiritual interspace, of which Christ is the center, where we may lay hold of the realities of divine love, the forgiveness of sins and eternal life."

NOTES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

"Sunday night," reports the Newark *Advertiser*, "in the Faith-Cure Church, at Grove and Montgomery streets, Jersey City, Annie Ryder announced that she had been cured of blindness. She is 18 years old, and says she has been blind since she was 2 years old. She attended the Faith-Cure Church, she said, and through prayers and her own faith her sight was restored."

All music in the house of God, says the *Independent*, should be based upon and governed by the one great idea that music as a part of the service in a religious congregation is an act of worship rendered to God. It should hence be chiefly vocal, and of such a character that the congregation can join in it. The abandonment of this idea is a perversion of the fundamental idea of church music.

The annual movement for the colonization of the Jews in Palestine has been started this year in Pittsburg. Such foolish action is to be deplored, says the *Jewish Tidings*. What possible charms residence in Jerusalem can have for American Jews it is hard to say. The sensible Jews of to-day have no desire to return to Palestine; those that live in civilization are satisfied to remain where they are.

On the color-line question in the Episcopal Church, the *Church of To-day* (P. E.) says: "As to the separate organization of the colored congregations into a missionary jurisdiction in each diocese, or one such jurisdiction for the whole South, something may be learned from experience of our Baptist brethren, who have tried to unite both white and colored churches into one Convention, and who have found that the results were not what they promised."

The difficulty of revival work among the Parisian French is thus

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AT the East they say that 1890 promises to be "a year without a winter." On this side it promises to be a year all winter.

IT is said Zola writes all his novels between midnight and morning. Ah! that accounts for the smell of bad gas and foul air about them.

A VERY good reason why England exports more manufactured articles than the United States is that we use more of our manufactures than England consumes of hers.

THE Detroit *Free Press* says, "No two women can agree upon an ideal man." How fortunate for such of us as do not entertain the ambition to be ideals, that this is true.

A SCIENTIST of France has discovered the microbe of la grippe. Sorry; for we had entertained the hope that there was something on earth without the everlasting microbe in it.

ACCORDING to the report of R. G. Dun & Co., the percentage of business failures in the United States for 1889 was one in every 97 of the business houses, while in the Dominion of Canada the percentage of failures was one in 45. The average liabilities in the United States were $13,672, while in Canada the average liabilities were $8,279. It will thus be seen that in reality the proportion of liabilities to the failures was greater in Canada than in the United States.

THE report of the Alaskan seal fisheries for twenty years shows that in that time the profits of the United States in the fishery contract has been $5,000,000 net. This is equivalent to 4 per cent. per annum of return upon the sum we paid for the Territory. Not a bad investment that. Behind this profit there is the unopened wealth of the natural resources of the mainland, the timber, minerals, the river fisheries and the capacity of the soil, which has heretofore been underestimated.

LONDON does not propose to leave the method of using electricity in her streets to the electricians of the many companies operating there. Recently, says the *News*, the Council appointed a general electrician, who is to supervise for the city all the methods of the several companies, and require them to employ all the best safety devices, and to put up and guard their lines according to the most approved systems. It is a wise provision on the part of London. Such an official chosen some time ago in New York would have saved to the city the most of the friction it has had with the corporations for electric lighting.

FOR several years in England the warfare against the bearing rein has been prosecuted by the humane societies. But while a great deal of good has been accomplished a complete reform has not been affected. The societies have proceeded upon the ground that while the rein is not only of no use to the horse, but really incommodes him, interferes with his exertion of strength and tends to "break his wind," it is cruel and inflicts needless suffering upon the patient animal. It has been suggested recently, however, that if societies could induce the leaders of fashion to abandon the bearing rein on their horses, and declare it "not good form," the reform would be speedily effected, for in England "good form" is everything. The societies have recently set to work in this new direction and are meeting with much encouragement. It may come to pass, therefore, that for once fashion will be trained in the harness of reform, humane sentiment and kindness to animals. If that results, we may very soon expect to see our Anglophiles driving without check reins upon their horses. But Americans should not for that follow their example, but abandon the bearing rein for the sensible reason that it is cruel, and that the so-called "style" in the carriage of the horse's head is a matter of conventionality only.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette's* Rome correspondent wrote to that journal that he had the following from Monsignor Satolli, the Pope's representative to the Baltimore Convocation:

> All our Bishops in the United States are treated as sovereign princes, and Archbishop Ireland is the personal friend of Harrison. As a Democrat (sic) he belongs to his party. He told Harrison that unless he would pledge himself to make concessions to the Catholic schools all the Catholics would withdraw their votes from him; so he was obliged to do so. The public corporations, too, are only too ready to fulfill the wills of our Bishops, even before they are expressed.

We are not disposed to believe that the Papal representative told the correspondent any thing of the kind, for it is unlikely that the Monsignor is a fool. On the contrary, he enjoys the reputation of being a shrewd and far-seeing clerical politician. The so called concessions to the Catholic parochial schools have not and will not be made. Indeed, the people do not know what is referred to, unless it be a possible demand for a division of the public school money—a thing that is absurd in the very thought. The Catholic schools have precisely the same rights as any other private schools—no more, no less. The Bishops are probably by courtesy treated by our Catholic citizens as Princes of the Church, but no one recognizes them here as "sovereign princes," nor have we any recollection that they have asked for any such recognition, nor that they have authorized it to be given out that they would like to be so recognized. If they or any other clericals have such vain hopes, the sooner they are dismissed from mind the better. The Bishops, Elders, Priests, Deacons, Vicars and all other church-titled officials have recognition as American citizens, precisely as does the humblest layman in the Republic.

MR. GLADSTONE is and always has been a peace advocate. He believes that strong armaments are not conservative of peace sentiments, but only alarm nations and make them arm against each other. In short, there is reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone would favor the disarmament of all nations, except so far as an armed ocean revenue coast service is concerned, and this is reflected in the report that he regrets that the United States is building a navy. Unquestionably the highest office of statesmanship is to prevent, not to promote war; to render armies and navies unnecessary. It is in accord with that lofty sentiment of humane government that Mr. Gladstone now announces his deep regret that the United States should enter upon naval building. But that distinguished statesman in his strong advocacy of peaceful means, overlooks the fact that we have not, as yet, nor has any other nation reached that ideal when armies and navies may be wholly dispensed with. So far as the naval building of the United States is concerned, it is a very small affair indeed compared to the naval strength of other nations, even of some of the lesser Powers. It does not appear either that he has taken into account that we have an exceedingly long coast line touching four oceans, and that compared to the length of such line, our navy even under its proposed extension, will not be sufficient to make ordinary formal visitations to the many coast ports of the country, to say nothing of voyages to ports of other nations, where our citizens have interests and are gratified by the occasional presence of naval representatives. Certainly such enlargment as we are making of our navy ought not excite in any other Power fear that the American Government is belligerently inclined, or less the friend of peace and peaceful methods of settling difficulties.

THE Mayor of New York has been studying the law concerning street cleaning, and has announced in a recent message that the streets of New York city shall be cleansed, and shall then be kept clean. He finds that he has full power to make and preserve the metropolis clean, and he proposes at once to enter upon its exercise. He believes that there is no more reason for the streets of American cities being made the receptacles for filth, rubbish and the off-casting of houses, than the streets of Paris, Berlin or Vienna. This is a judgment that ought to find an echo in every municipality. The truth is, that American cities, though not nearly so well paved or sewered as those of Europe, can be just as easily kept clean. But we have fallen into the habit of allowing our streets and alleys to become the repositories for filth and yard and house sweepings, and we take no offense whatever at the fact that the most repulsive matter is thrown into the streets and allowed to remain there to dry and be cast about by the winds, or to be beaten into the gutters and clog them. The rule in every city in the Union ought to be that which Mayor Grant has promulgated for New York: "There is no excuse for dirty highways, and none will be accepted." What is needed is not so much the expenditure of great sums of money, as a stronger sentiment of tidiness and cleanliness on the part of citizens of municipalities. It is not a difficult matter to keep a city clean if the people in it will fee it to be an offense to cast refuse into the streets, and will cultivate a better taste in the matter of the cleanliness of their lots and the alleys upon which they abut.

THE poet Browning many years ago was made an Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. In his will he remembered the college by leaving to its library some of his most valuable books, and his collection was esteemed one of special high value. Browning was one of the most grateful of men, never forgetting a kindness, and cherishing for literary people the tenderest regard. In that respect he was a model for all men of letters, since he entertained no jealousy of his contemporaries, and took pride in all literary successes by his fellows. Something of the fraternal feeling that distinguished Browning might well be injected into the relations and sentiments of writers for the press in this country, as well as the American circles of writers generally. It is unfortunately true that in this land the literary men have allowed the sharpness and harshness of rivalry, and the mercilessness of trade to creep into and affect the circles of writers, authors and poets. It is rare in this country to find writers commending each other, and sympathizing in one another's trials. In England, on the contrary, such kindly sympathy is common, and the fraternity of letters is bound closely together.

MAJOR PINTO, whose administration in Africa has brought on the friction between Portugal and England, has every reason to be grateful to his countrymen. They stand by him loyally and he is being made by them much more a hero than he really is. He was born in the province of Douro, Portugal, in April, 1846, and received his education at the Lisbon Military College, from which he was graduated fifth in a class of eighteen. In 1863 he entered the army and by disciplinary qualities attracted attention that led to his rapid promotion. In 1880 he was made an aid upon the staff of the King, having won the distinction by soldierly qualities made manifest in the Zambesi war of 1869, where he had command of a troop of African recruits. In 1877-79 he made a tour of south Africa and gained considerable credit as an explorer. He is rather quiet in manner, retiring in disposition and by no means belligerent in appearance.

THE Boston *Transcript* recently asked what an editorial writer seldom does, a conundrum: "Why is an editor's waste-basket like Westminster Abbey?" The *Transcript* was compelled by the stupid silence of its dumbfounded contemporaries to give the answer itself: "Because poets are buried in it." Thereupon the New York *Tribune* catches its breath and cries: "Thanks, dear *Transcript*," but immediately asks: "But does an editor ever bury poets in the waste-basket?" If the conundrum was cruel, this rejoinder inquiry is absolutely barbarous. The grand army of spring poets, now rapidly ripening, should feel justified in rising up in wrathful protest against the *Tribune's* covert slander.

"DAN CUPID."

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines. To-day proves it. Terrible is the strength of the rays that Old Sol is flinging broadcast upon the simmering earth. The tennis players have given in to it, and, confessing themselves vanquished, have flung their rackets to the winds and themselves into garden chairs, or else prone upon the shaven lawn under the acacias, according to their sex.

Two of them, however, have wandered rather far from the acacias, and the tables, and the tent where better things than tea can be had for the asking. They have wandered into a little green space, shut out from a noisy world by rows and rows of hedges, all beech on the north and south, and heavy rhododendrons on the two other sides. It is a little dream of a place, entered by one opening only, and that through the beeches.

"A sort of Arcadia, isn't it?" says Mr. Brooke, glancing up at his companion from his lounging position upon the grass at her feet.

"No," says she, with a little frown. She makes a charming picture, sitting here in the sunshine, next the old sundial, with her hat lying on the ground beside her, and the glinting rays from the glowing heavens throwing golden lights into her fine brown hair. Her eyes were blue, and just at this moment a little angry; the mouth, too, so prone to laughter as a rule, has grown mutinous. Half-child, half-woman, she has not yet learned the more delicate shades of society's colors, and lets her thoughts lie openly upon her lovely face.

"You are hard to please," says he, his eyes on hers. As a rule, his eyes are seldom anywhere else.

"Well, you are not," returns she, promptly.

From afar the thrum, thrum, thrum of a banjo comes to them, making a stillness that is almost oppressive.

"That's the unkindest cut of all!" says Mr. Brooke, placidly. "It's rather a cut at Miss Morland, too, isn't it? I presume you allude to my engagement to her?"

"You presume very wrongly, then. I was not thinking of Miss Morland. She ought to please. She is rich, young, handsome."

"Rich, yes,"

"And handsome," persistently.

"Is she? Oh, yes, of course she is. A perfect Juno. Too perfect a Juno, perhaps."

"You shouldn't sneer at her," says the girl, gravely.

"I know that, and that's why I do it," says he. "It is so difficult to resist temptation, and to do the wrong thing is always so pleasant." He is talking idly, scarcely knowing what he says, his mind full of her; full of the knowledge that he loves her—her only, and with all the passion of his nature, and that he is engaged to be married to another woman.

A handsome woman, the daughter and heiress of a cotton merchant—what her own class would call a "fine girl"—tall, with light eyes and lighter hair, and distinctly underbred. She had met George Brooke some months ago at the house of a mutual friend, and being filled with a strong desire to rise out of her cotton surroundings, had given him very clearly to understand that she was willing to accept him should he choose to accept her fortune, which was enormous, in exchange for the old title that must come to him on the death of his uncle, Lord Farnham. A beggarly title—no penny of money coming with it, as the uncle let the nephew know as often as opportunity occurred. There had been bad blood between Lord Farnham and his second brother, George Brooke's father, and Farnham was not a man to forget. He swore he would visit the sin of the father upon the son, and sooner than let his money go to the young George he would leave it to a hospital. As for the old name, and the keeping of it, let it go to the devil. Young George would inherit that in spite of him, but it should prove a barren honor to him.

George took no steps to assuage his uncle's wrath, but he thought a good deal of the time when he should be Lord Farnham, with only £500 a year to back his title. He had shirked the idea of marrying for money, but when Miss Morland, with her undeniable golden charms, flung herself at his head, he permitted himself to argue the question with himself. Many a fellow, he told himself had done it before. It was a fair exchange. His title for her money. He was heart-whole. He would not do her or any other woman any wrong in marrying her. He would think about it—he hesitated and finally was lost.

Miss Morland accepted him calmly; was a little vulgar over her money; let it be known that she thought it a pity that the present Lord Farnham was in such remarkably robust health for so old a man; and said she would not like to be married until the coming autumn. It was then November. George, glad of a respite, did not press for an earlier day, a circumstance the heiress remembered. He bore up under his new chains with a marvelous courage. He was not in love with any one, so they did not gall him. Then came a day when both he and Miss Morland were asked down to stay for a month at the Shirleys, and there he met Dorothy Dene.

A little slender maiden, with big gray eyes, and hair that rippled all over her white forehead. A rather out-at-elbows little maiden, whose best frock was a muslin, and whose only ornaments were roses. The Shirleys—a young couple, adored her, and would have her to stay with them as often as ever the old squire, her father, would let her come to them. She had been taken forcible possession of by them from the month that saw George Brooke there and his fiancee, with the most disastrous results. George Brooke fell madly in love with her, and she loved him.

It has gone so far with them, indeed, that though no word has yet been spoken, each knows the other's heart, and sitting here to-day, in this little dangerously lonely retreat, a sense of passionate protest against the fate that is dividing them is thrilling through every tone.

"We ought to go back," says Miss Dene presently, in a rather changed tone. She had been a little offended, perhaps, by the frivolity of his answer.

"Oh, not yet, surely. We have been here so short a time; and to get away from Shirley's banjo, if only for a minute or two, is so intense a relief."

"It is more than a minute or two," rising. "We have been here an immense time. Agnes (Mrs. Shirley) will be wondering what has become of us; so," regarding him steadily, "will Miss Morland."

"Let her wonder. Besides, she has forgotten us by this time in the delight of Lord Tottenham's society. I wonder what she sees in that old fossil? For my part, I'm always thinking when with him of what I don't see—hair, teeth, etc."

"She is very kind to him, poor old man."

"And amiability is her strong point. How many charms you have discovered in her of late."

"I don't think you ought to speak of her like that," says the girl, turning upon him with a little flash in her lovely eyes. "You shouldn't criticise her."

"Why not? I certainly shan't be able to criticise her next month, so I may as well make the most of my time now. Next month"—slowly, and almost defiantly, "I shall be the blest proprietor of Mrs. Brooke; and it is not permissible to criticise one's own wife, whatever you may do with regard to your friends."

He has spoken deliberately, and with seeming unconcern, though in truth his heart is torn in two by a very passion of despair and regret. They are both standing, but she has turned sharply aside, and has so placed herself that he cannot see her face. He had meant to provoke some word from her, and her silence maddens him.

"What are you thinking of?" asks he, angrily, going up to her and compelling her to return his gaze.

She has grown very pale, but she meets his eyes without flinching.

"Nothing," says she, in a tone out of which all her courage cannot keep the sound of desolation.

"A woman's answer. I know what you were thinking of for all that: that there is no more despicable thing on earth than a man who marries a woman for her money. Yet, what was I to do? Was the old name to be forever lowered? A title—and £500 a year—how do they go together? Money I felt that I must have, and when it came my way I took it. Do you think I don't care—now? But the thing is done! And my uncle—the old man—he is a perfect devil; he will do nothing for me. I am tied—am bound."

"Yes," says she simply. She has taught herself indeed to regard it in this light. Of very old family herself, the demands of race seem natural to her. To give up all for the sake of the old name—that has reason in it—but that it should be they two who must give up, that seems hard.

"Why don't you speak?" says he, harshly. "You despise me; you think—"

"I think nothing but what is kind of you," says she, her voice trembling, but her face full of a gentle dignity. "I do not despise you. Why should I? I think you are doing right—when an old title comes to one, it should be regarded as a sacred charge; and you—you meant to do the best you could for it. You will be able, in spite of your uncle, to keep up the old name——"

"Oh, damn the old name!" interrupts he, passionately—with a deep groan. He has spoken very low, certainly—and certainly it seems as though the word had been forced ftom him against his will, but Dorothy, hearing the terrible speech, grows dumb. To so denounce the "old name." She pauses, gazing at him as if thunderstruck.

"I beg your pardon," says he, moodily. Why had she taken it all so much for granted? Is there no loophole of escape? If she had cared as much as he does, would she have been so ready to acknowledge the claims of the "old name?" "Do you ever think, Dorothy," says he, slowly, "of how it might have been if—if——"

With a little, swift imperative gesture she puts up her hand and checks him. Her very lips are white; her large eyes grow suddenly larger as cruel, smarting tears fill them. Even as Brooke gazes at her, two bright drops overflow her lids and run quickly down her pale cheeks.

"Dorothy," says he, making a movement toward her.

"No, no. Don't mind me!" says she bravely, repulsing him with eager hands. "You are doing what is best for you, indeed; and—afterward you will be glad that—Yes," nervously, "and besides——"

"Oh, that will do," says he, bitterly. "Why should you trouble yourself to try and reconcile me to my fate? I daresay there are worse things that might befall a man than having to accept a fortune."

"I wish," says she, in a heartbroken voice, "that you would try to be a little happy about it."

"Is there anything else you wish?" says he, pushing off his arm the little friendly hand she has placed upon it. "Happy! after all," throwing up his head, with a short laugh; "why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" sadly. "This is only a moment's folly on your part; every other day you are as merry as the rest of us; to-morrow you will be yourself again."

"How well you have studied me! You are right; I am the most frivolous, the most light-hearted of my sex. Sometimes," says he, laughing again, "I'm so happy that I wish—" He pauses.

"Yes?"

"That I was dead!" says he, with such a sudden, vehement change from affected carelessness to honest misery that her heart dies within her. Fear takes possession of her.

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" cries she, her voice dying away in a sob. Instinctively she moves toward him—his arms open—in a moment she is lying on his breast.

"Oh! don't wish yourself dead," sobs she, crying bitterly.

"I don't now," whispers he, tightening his arms round the slender, beloved little form.

"I ought not to be here. I ought'nt, indeed," says she, making, however, no effort to redeem her position. "There is Miss Morland to think of."

"There is, indeed!" says he ruefully. It is a cheerful ruefulness, however. With his world in his arms he can afford to fight with outsiders. And he was not wrong after all. She does love him.

"Couldn't you——" begins Miss Dene, and then breaks off.

"Couldn't I what, darling?"

"Couldn't you break it off with her?" whispers she into the right side of his coat.

Ah! This was what he wanted.

"I could," says he, laughing softly, and pressing the pretty head against his heart with his hand, "and I will!"

"I wouldn't say a word—not a syllable," says Dorothy, with awful determination, "if she loved you—but she doesn't!" This decidedly, with all the impenetrable perspicacity of youth, that never reasons, yet always knows.

"No!" meekly. "I confess that idea has occurred to myself, but if my personal charms are a matter of indifference to her, why, then, has she done me the honor to accept me?"

"They say"—says Miss Dorothy, lifting her limpid eyes to his with all the importance this time-honored authority ought to produce—"that you want to marry her for her money, and that she wants to marry you for your title."

"Do they?" says Mr. Brooke. "As a rule the mighty 'they' are always right, but for once they are at fault. If she wants to marry me for my title, I'm sorry for her; firstly, because I'm going to marry some one else; and secondly, because if I did marry her the coveted title would not be hers until her hair was gray, the old boy being about as strong at present as any annuitant. And, as for me, I most solemnly swear I don't want to marry her, either for her money or anything else."

"Ah! But you did," says she.

"Even if so, you should not be the one to reproach me," says he.

"Yes; that's true. I'm bound to you," says she, nestling closer to him. "And," in an awed tone, "when will you tell her about it, George?"

She hesitates so admirably over the pronouncing of his name that George laughs and, catching up her pretty hand, kisses the pink palm of it with rapture.

"First thing to-morrow," says he. "To tell you the truth, I think she has an inkling of it; she said something about you the other day that looked as if she was jealous."

"She couldn't be jealous—she doesn't love," says Dorothy, with conviction. "Oh!" with a little long-drawn sigh, "it is dreadful to feel jealous."

"You needn't have felt it," said he tenderly."

"But I did. I couldn't bear to think she was to belong to you, whilst I—— Well," with a happy little sigh this time that brings tears into her eyes, "I'm not jealous now. I wonder what she'll say to you?"

"Give me good-day, no doubt, and rejoice over a quittance of bad rubbish. After all, she was throwing herself away. A girl with a couple of millions might easily have made her own of a better match than I am likely to prove."

"She could have made no better match," indignantly. "Oh!" starting, "is that Agnes calling? Oh! come, let us run! We have been here a dreadfully long time."

"Till to-morrow, then," says he, catching her in his arms and kissing her. "To-morrow, I pray heaven, will leave me free to tell all the world that I love you."

To-morrow, however, brings its own plans. With the hot water at eight which a man brings him, a veritable bomshell, in the shape of a letter, that blows all his intentions to pieces.

His uncle, Lord Farnham, is dead. So writes Lord Farnham's lawyer, and has left his nephew not only the title, which he couldn't keep from him, but his entire fortune, £14,000 a year. At the last the name had been too much for the old man. He had given his all for the keeping up of it. He had even given up his revenge, though, if he had known it, he could hardly have made his nephew more unhappy than by the bestowal of this most unlooked-for gift.

How is he to go to Miss Morland now and demand his liberty? With the title and the fortune, too, in his hands, how is he to ask her to break off his engagement? His soul sinks like lead within him. It was such an open arrangement between them—she to give money, he the title—that now when he finds himself independent of her money it seems impossible to ask her to let him go free from the detested bond.

A last fight for life animates him. He will seek an interview with Miss Morland after breakfast and put the case fairly before her. If she still elected to adhere to their original contract—so be it. Good-by then to life, and joy, and happiness. The honor that alone remains will be but a poor comforter. Knowledge of Miss Morland tells him that she will be very likely to assert her rights and decide on keeping her hold of title and estate. He manages to ask her for a few moments alone with him before leaving the breakfast-room. Something new in her face as she answers him—granting the required interview—strikes him at the moment, but not forcibly. Of late her moods have been very variable.

"Now?" asks he.

"The sooner the better," returns she, shortly. "The library is always vacant at this hour. Shall we go there?"

"A good place," says he, trying to look calm, while his heart is thumping violently against his side, as though it would burst its bonds.

"Look here," says Miss Moreland, as he closes the library door behind him. "One word is as good as ten"—this is the usual graceful style in which she carries on her conversation—"I know quite well why you are here, and I may as well have the first word. You are sick of me, and I'm sick of you. That's it—isn't it?"

"Really——?" begins Brooke feebly. He is indeed so overpowered by the brilliancy of this attack that he finds words difficult to him.

"The fact is," goes on Miss Moreland, waving his attempt at a reply aside with a gesture of her large, firm hand, "I don't think there is the remotest chance of the old gentleman dying. Farnham you know—and you without the title aren't good enough."

"I can quite understand that," says he, gravely, shocked at her coarseness. "It is, however, a pity that you didn't think of that sooner. I presume it was never me, then; it was only the title."

"Well, as far as that goes," says she, "I presume it was never me either. It was only the money." At this he colors hotly. She laughs. "Does that trouble you?" says she. "Well, money clings to money, you know, and I have decided that one in the hand is worth two in the bush." This is a dark saying to him, but time explains it. "The truth is. I saw Lord Farnham in town just before I came down here, and he looks as if he would last forever; as if he would never get older."

"No, he will never get older," repeats Brooke in a curious tone. With the old man lying dead, this heartless speech of hers—this cruel longing for his death—sounds even more detestable than it would have were he living. He himself had not loved the old lord, but he had never wished him dead.

"As to that, I suppose he will have to, whether he likes it or not," says she vindictively. "But I don't feel inclined to wait for him. And—er—as Lord Tottenham——"

"Yes?" says he, his heart giving a great bound.

"As Lord Tottenham asked me last night to marry him, I decided that it would be better to bring our engagement to an end."

"I am to understand, then, that you are about to marry Lord Tottenham," asks he formally, subduing all expression of his passionate relief by a supreme effort. So Tottenham was "the bird in hand!" A tough one, truly.

"Exactly so."

"You are wise in your generation," says he, without a passing smile. "And sound in your proverbs."

"You don't express much regret, at all events," said she, with a shrill laugh. "I am wise in this, at least—that I don't care about dividing my husband's affection with another. That little girl to whom you give your whole time will no doubt be glad to share with you your 500 pounds a year."

This is unbearable.

"If you allude to Miss Dene," says he, quietly, though his face is pale and his eyes flashing, "I do not think she gives entire thoughts to money. Five hundred a year, however, would, I acknowledge, be but a poor thing to lay at her feet. I am glad, therefore, that it is now in my power to offer her 14,000."

"What?" says Miss Morland. She takes a step forward. Dismay, consternation, discomfiture are all largely written on her astonished face.

"Lord Farnham died at 10 o'clock last night. Contrary to my expectations, he left me every penny he possessed." He bows and moves toward the door.

"Stay—one moment," gasps Miss Morland. If she has even one small grain of hope left that she may still be Lady Farnham, his next words destroy it.

"You must pardon me," says he; "I have an appointment with Miss Dene. She has not yet heard my news. Ah! Lord Tottenham," to that carefully preserved old beau, as he most opportunely enters the room. "Permit me to congratulate you. Miss Morland has just informed me of your engagement to her. I feel she has done wisely indeed. With much humility, I confess myself very much the worse man of the two."

He laughs, and hurries away to find Dorothy waiting for him in that little sacred spot he had named Arcadia yesterday. She rises as he comes toward her, and turns so deadly white that he is afraid she is going to faint.

"It is all right!" cries he, joyously, to reassure her. She would have gone to him, but her limbs refused to obey her, and if he had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen. There is no restorative power so effectual as a lover's kiss. Dorothy is presently her charming self again.

"Oh! how did it happen?" cries she, rapturously. "I prayed for it all last night, but somehow I never had much hope. She has given you up, then. Really?"

"Really and truly."

"Oh! how could she?" leaning back from him to gaze into his dear face, the handsomest in the world to her.

"Well, it appears she could, quite easily," says he, with a happy laugh. "You may think me good to look at, but when compared with such a youthful Adonis as my Lord Tottenham, even you must allow that I ought to take a back seat."

"Do you mean to tell me," with growing indignation, "that she has given you up for Lord Tottenham?"

"Even so, my good child."

"Pouf! She's a fool. She's not worth wasting words upon," says Miss Dene, with scornful conviction.

"That's what I think. Let's talk of ourselves," says he.

"Oh, as for that," says she, turning suddenly very dismal, and trying to give her head the properly dejected droop. "I dare say you will be sorry about all this later on. I have not been a good friend to you," with a heavy sigh, "and that's the truth."

"What am I going to be sorry about?"

"You know. You said yesterday that it would be dreadful to live on £500 a year."

"So it would, with Miss Morland—not with you."

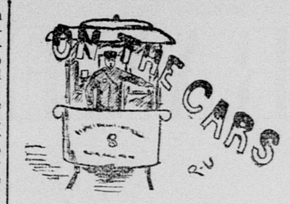
"Ah! That is all very well now. But I said something about it to father last week—not about you and me, you know, but about things generally—and he said that when people without money married other people without money, it was madness." This rather involved sentence she gives forth with great solemnity.

"What a lot he said!" exclaims Lord Farnham, with affected admiration. "But after all it seems to me he didn't know what he was talking about. The real question is, Dorothy, whether you could be happy with me, even though we both were poor?"

"Oh, darling, what a horrid question! Don't you know that if I had ten thousand a year"—this seems to be the utmost hight of her ambition—"and not you, I should be the most wretched girl alive."

"Well, you shall have more than that with me," cries he, folding his arms round her with a tender access of passion, and with his soul full of unspoken gratitude for this loving heart that has been given to him to perfect his life.

Then he tells her all.—*The Manchester Times.*



"Looks rather moist, doesn't it?" remarked Director George W. Hancock, of the State Agricultural Society, to a reporter yesterday, as the two boarded the same J-street car.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"And what's more," continued Mr. Hancock, "we're going to see higher water here than we've seen for a long time. The American is on the jump, and so is the Sacramento. But, with all, I don't anticipate any trouble. I think we will get through this year all right. It ought to be a lesson to the people of this city, though, but I don't suppose it will. They never think of touching the levees until the flood cry is raised, and then they cannot accomplish anything. They remind me forcibly of the Arkansaw man. He didn't thatch his roof in the summer because he didn't need it then; and in the winter he couldn't do it. That's our people to a dot."

"Well, don't your consider the levees good?"

"Yes, they're good, but what's the matter with their being perfect? It would insure a better feeling of safety among the people, would encourage business men to invest their money here in permanent industries, and would greatly enhance property values. As it is now, though, some maintain that the levees are strong, while other claim that they are not. The stranger hears this and thinks he will not take chances, so he looks for another locality. Now let me tell you something that a great many are forgetting at this time. We all know that the north levee, which keeps the American from tumbling in on us, needs watching more than any other. We all know too, that this is, and should be, the strongest and most perfect of our levees. But what I want to call your attention to is the fact that at the point where Burns Slough is nearest the American, the levee is built upon a bed of quicksand. That same sand was the cause of trouble before. The weight of the water becomes so great, that while the earthworks are strong enough to withstand it, the foundation will not support the earthworks, and the whole business slides off in a lump as far as this quicksand extends. Now, in my estimation, there is only one proper way to fix that levee, and that will fix it forever. When the river gets down to low-water mark again, say next summer, the levee should be opened from the top and a concrete wall sunk below the quicksand level. This wall could be 'puddled' on each side, so as to keep it in position. It should be extended in the levee as far as that quicksand bottom extends, and then we would have a levee worth talking about. It would cost something, of course, but think what it might save. Mark my word, now, if we ever have trouble on the north levee it will be at this very point I speak of."

There were three of them. They were bunched together near the fare-box in a blue car, and were engaged in an earnest confabulation.

From what the reporter overheard he concluded that two of the gentlemen had a wager between them as to who could tell the toughest story, while the third gentleman was acting as referee. They had had one clash, but the referee was unable to decide and ordered another round.

"Well, I'll tell a snake story this time," said the large apoplectic gentleman, "and I'm willin' to double the stakes that it will paralyze you."

"I'll go you," said his adversary, who was a short, dried-up little man, with Yolo mud on his boots.

They shook hands over the raising of the stakes and the large man cleared his throat for the fray.

"I was railroadin' down in Arizona about four years ago," he began, "and one day while we were waiting on a siding for a passenger to go by, I happened to notice a commotion in the dry grass a short distance from the caboose. I walked over to investigate and found that it was a fight between a horned toad and a side-wiper rattlesnake. After arranging the preliminaries with due prize-ring formality, and courteously shaking hands, the snake opened the battle by seizing the toad's hind legs and immediately beginning the swallowing process. This, however, was abruptly abbreviated when the horns of the swallowee were reached, for the reason that the horns of a north-bound toad invariably incline toward the south. The swallower, therefore, found it necessary to change ends. This he accomplished in the second round, and the toad glided gracefully down his esophagus. There was a moment of happy tranquillity, wherein the snake was seen to smile, but, ah, that bright smile was his last. Great internal commotion was soon evident, followed by signs of agony and despairing looks. Presently the horns of the toad appeared through the captor's side; a moment more and the swallowee, entire, hopped from the orifice, while the snake lay at his feet a bleeding corpse!"

The large man turned to his competitor with a sort of let-me-see-you-beat-that look, and announced that he had finished.

The little Yolo man looked troubled, but a moment later his countenance lighted up, and he said: "That's a stunner, I'll admit, but I think I can win your money. My story is not about snakes but is one of the old stand-by's—a fish story. It happened many years ago, when I went before the mast on a deep sea trader. We had anchored in Acapulco bay, and there were a great many sharks around. Well, the boys had finished up all their work, and as we were not allowed to go ashore, we set about to catch a shark for amusement. The Captain was in his bunk asleep at the time. We baited a big hook with a hunk of salt pork and soon had a whopper on the end of the rope. We hauled him aboard, and one of the boys suggested that we cut him open and see what he had been eating. This struck us as a capital idea, and we set about to do it. We first took out all of his insides or entrails and laid them on the deck, and then opened his stomach. There were tin cans, stovepipe hats, false teeth, hoop skirts and various other articles there, and we were enjoying ourselves immensely, when suddenly the Captain put in an appearance. Seeing the mess we had made he got into a terrible stew. 'Throw that dinged carcass overboard!' he yelled, and we obeyed quickly. I looked over into the water after they had thrown the shark's body in, and to my astonishment he began to swim about as good as ever. The others were all astonished, too. The shark kept near the vessel and looked up to us piteously. 'He wants his insides,' suggested the bos'n, and with that he began to throw over the stuff. And that was just what he did want. No sooner did his entrails strike the water than that shark made a grab for them. A shark, you know, has to turn over on his back in order to get anything into his mouth. Well, this fellow swallowed his insides in this manner, but as soon as he turned over to his natural position again, they all fell out again through the slit we had cut in him. The expression on the shark's countenance was a study. He couldn't understand it. He made another grab for them, but the same thing happened again. We all roared with laughter, and watched his antics until we lost sight of him."

It was now the Yolo man's turn to look triumphant.

The referee was appealed to, but he was at a loss as to who had told the toughest story. "Well, gentlemen," he said, finally, "I'll have to order another round."

The reporter, however, had reached his destination, and was forced to lose the result of this exciting contest.

"Some three months ago," said a well-known citizen to a reporter on an O street car yesterday, "three of Sacramento's hoodlums had a very bad case of scare and one got a drubbing that he will remember as long as he lives.

"How was it? Well, I'll tell you. A young man who lives near Galt and a young lady of that vicinity were in the city and attended the theater. After the performance they went and had some oysters and started up K street for the State House Hotel. It was about 11 o'clock and three 'street statues,' 'lady smashing cigarette fiends,' or as some style them 'society dudes' followed them and in their conversation, which it was intended the couple should hear, the vilest and most vulgar language was used. The couple walked fast and so did their tormentors. As they passed the Capital Hotel the young man noticed Kent Blessing standing in the doorway. He let go the young lady's arm, turned quickly about and swinging his good right arm he hit the center dude a whack in the jaw that sent him to grass. One of the others ran away, while the third had the seat of his pants worn out by a vigorous application of the indignant young man's No. 10 boot.

"The young man took the young lady to the State House and then returned and apologized to Mr. Blessing for having a melee in front of his hotel. He said: 'I was afraid to tackle them alone, but when I got to good light and you were present I knew I would have fair play.'

"'The only criticism I have to make,' replied Mr. Blessing, 'is that you didn't give the scallawags half enough. Come in and take something.'

"One of the trio, the one that was knocked down, is posing in this town yet as a lady-killer and is admitted to all the 'invite' high-toned parties. He is a law student. The other two are simply cigarette fiends, who come from good families."

PILATE'S WIFE.

The Distinguished Roman Matron at Jerusalem.

[From the Quiver.]

Our curiosity is greatly aroused regarding Pilate's wife. We are told nothing regarding her in Scripture except what is mentioned in this one incident. Tradition identifies her as Claudia Procula, and it has been conjectured that, bearing such a name, she must have belonged to the Claudian family—one of the most famous families in Roman history, whose founder, Appius Claudius, was the maker of the great Appian Way, and which gave no less than six Emperors to Rome, the Emperor who was sitting on the throne at the time of Lord being Tiberius Claudius. Being thus of high station, it is probable that it was through her influence that her husband, Pontius Pilate, was made procurator of Judea, for Pilate's own birth was comparatively humble, seeing that the name Pilate is derived from the cap which was worn as a distinguishing badge by manumitted slaves, and the epithet marks him out as a freedman or as descended from one. She accompanied her husband to Palestine, and it is a striking illustration of the truthfulness of the Scripture narrative that it was only during the reign of Tiberius Claudius that the wife of a Roman was allowed to accompany her husband to the province which he ruled.

In early times a law was expressly passed to prevent a magistrate taking his wife with him to the sphere of his jurisdiction, lest she should meddle with his administration or unduly influence his public career. And this law was rigorously carried out; but at the time of our Lord the prohibition had fallen into neglect, and though shortly afterward a proposal had been made to enforce it, it was not successful. Perhaps the wife of Pilate had received a special permission to accompany her husband on account of her connection with the reigning family; and, in any case, her presence in Jerusalem at the time of our Lord's judgment indicates that the relationship between herself and her husband must have been one of deep and true affection. Pilate, if he had been an indifferent husband, might have left his wife behind at Rome in conformity with the law of the Empire; and his wife, if she had been less loving and devoted, might have remained at Cæsarea, which was the fixed official residence of the Roman Governor and the headquarters of the Roman army in Palestine, and not have accompanied him to Jerusalem, to which he had to go on the annual feast of the Passover, to preserve order among the great crowds of pilgrims which at that time filled the sacred city.

SAID IN FUN.

A Charity Bawl—"Say,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

PETER LASSEN'S TRAGIC DEATH AT THE HANDS OF INDIANS.

An Early Eccentric Sacramentan—Mrs. McGinty's "Carrackter"—A Week Without Events.

Some months ago the SUNDAY-UNION published a brief account of the tragic death of the old pioneer, Peter Lassen, which occurred late in the spring of '59. The recent holiday number of the Lassen *Advocate* contains a sketch of the old mountaineer, with fuller particulars of his murder by Indians. Lassen was one of those restless, indomitable spirits whose love of adventure and the wild pleasures of the frontier, kept always in the advance of civilization—a man of sterling character and peaceful habits. He erected the second house built in what is now Lassen county, a log structure which still stands on its old site. He was an honored member of the Masonic Order, of which, it is said, he brought the first charter to the Pacific Coast in 1848 or '49. At any rate, the charter itself (which is now hanging in the hall of the Lodge at Shasta), and which was granted by the Grand Lodge of the State of Missouri, May 10, 1848, shows that he was the first Junior Warden of Western Star Lodge, which named the place of its institution as Benton City, Upper California. Peter Lassen had been a pioneer so many years of his life that the restraints of civilization finally became irksome to him, and as settlers crowded into the valley and squatted around the ranch on which he had built his cabin, he rented his place, and with his horse and gun and two other prospectors started to the east in search of new mines. They camped in a small ravine one night, about 150 miles northeast of Susanville, in what is known as the Black Rock Country in Nevada, and the next morning he was awakened by the crack of an Indian rifle, the bullet from which had killed one of his sleeping comrades. He and the third man sprang to their feet, guns in hand, and while his companion was trying to secure their horses, which had broken loose, the brave old man stood by his bed, straining his eyes, which he shaded with his hand, trying to get a glimpse of his foe, who was secreted behind a cliff of rocks. While in this position a second shot was fired, and the truest and warmest friend the California Indians every had fell to the ground, shot through the heart. His remains were removed to his ranch and buried at the foot of a large majestic pine tree which stands on one corner of it. Over his grave his Masonic brethren have erected a fine monument about eight feet high, very artistically cut from native granite. The monument also bears various pioneer and Masonic emblems. The seal of Susanville Lodge, F. and A. M., has for its emblem a fac-simile of the tree and monument.

.....Among the attorneys in Sacramento thirty years ago was one George E. Montgomery. While the columns of the local press of that time do not show that he figured prominently in litigation, his name was frequently mentioned in connection with the debating society and one or two kindred bodies. A few years later, however, Montgomery transferred his residence to the town of Napa. It was understood among the townspeople that Montgomery was a lawyer, but he was never known to show himself in Court. Indeed, he was of most eccentric ways. He occupied a little room over one of the business blocks, which served as office, bed-room and general living-room, and lived while there the life of a recluse. He was a fine, distinguished-looking man—tall, slender, and of dark complexion, with a quick, nervous manner. His face, always pale and clean-shaven, was a classic mold, and he looked like a man of high mental attainments. He invariably wore a black cloth coat, buttoned close up under the chin, both in summer and winter. He was an enigma to the people of the village, who never got a glimpse of him but once a day. Just once a day and at a certain hour he would descend the narrow passage-way from his room to the street, accompanied by his only associate, a great black-and-white Newfoundland dog, which shared with him his scanty lodgings and—as the public were led to believe—even his bed. After casting a glance up and down the street, as if to assure himself that the coast was clear, Montgomery (and his dog) would make a break directly across to a small restaurant on the opposite side, from which they would soon emerge, the master bearing in his hand a paper of food. Another rush across the street, and the twain would disappear up the stairway and into the mysterious chamber, the interior of which was as a sealed book to both neighbor and janitor. Montgomery always wore a high silk hat, and in appearance looked like the typical broken-down tragedian. His whole life was a mystery to the Napa people, and he disappeared from the place as silently and mysteriously as he came.

.....Considerable amusement was created in the Police Court one day by a Mrs. McGinty (probably the mother of the gentleman recently drowned), who was charged with the theft of a sack of meal. Being informed that she might make a statement, she assumed a dignified position, and throwing back her disheveled locks and revealing a whisky-bleared face, started in: "Sure, yer Aner, Oi was allus a dacent woman; Oi lived a long time with Mrs. O'Flaherty—God bless her!—that kapes the cimetary, an' also with Mr. Brodericks; an' sure Oi have as many recognizements as would give me as good carrackter as anny man. Oi alluz had a good carrackter until Oi came from San Francisco on the stameboat—bad luck to the thing!" Here Mrs. McGinty became overwhelmed with emotion, and, pausing, shed a few quarts of tears. The Court thought she had been punished sufficiently and ordered her discharge.

.....There was a hot contest at the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society in 1860 over the location of the fair for that year. The debate lasted two days, and was participated in by Rabe of San Francisco, J. W. Winans, E. B. Crocker, James W. Coffroth, A. Redington and others of Sacramento, Phelps of San Mateo, Gibbons of Oakland and many others. Some 500 votes were cast on the final ballot, and Sacramento won. Ten votes were cast for Washington, Yolo county. That meeting was probably the stormiest ever held by the society. It lasted for several days, and all the debates were reported in full in the UNION. The chief debaters were E. B. Crocker, R. D. Ferguson, — Richardson, Charles Crocker, Joseph W. Winans, General Hutchinson, J. B. Saul, Charles T. Botts and O. C. Wheeler.

.....There was a petition before the Legislature for the creation of the county of Mokelumne out of portions of Sacramento and San Joaquin. The territory asked to be taken from Sacramento was that south of the section line running east and west through the center of township 7 north, by the north line of the Daylor or Omochumnes grant, and following said grant line to the township line between townships 7 and 8 north; thence following said township line to the boundary line between Amador and Sacramento counties. The petitioners claimed that they were so far removed from their respective county seats that they did not share the benefits from the bulk of taxation that were enjoyed by those living nearer the centers of population.

.....The Sacramento correspondent of a San Francisco paper, writing of the prospect of the Legislature then in session removing the State Capital to that city, said: "Carry the imagination forward two centuries, and what a gorgeous picture fills the mind, of the Queen of the Pacific setting in majesty upon innumerable hills!" The UNION remarked that it feared the only kind of birds which her majesty would batch from her "setting" of two hundred years would be innumerable sandhill cranes.

Wise, the noted aeronaut, was endeavoring to have California foot his expenses for a proposed transcontinental balloon voyage. He claimed that he could, with sufficient backing, prove that regular balloon trips could be made between the Atlantic and Pacific. Poor Wise! His subsequent fate was sad.

.....Even in those days of wild extravagance the press was howling because the Legislature was carrying on its pay-rolls a half-dozen unnecessary attaches. But it remained for the last session of that body (1889) to cap the climax by carrying half a hundred of them.

.....Henry Edgerton, the then young Senator from Napa, was one of the few who took up very little time in speech-making. Like the prudent soldier, he knew how to reserve his ammunition for great emergencies.

.....Napa county was experiencing a great mining excitement, in consequence of discoveries of gold and silver on St. Helena mountain. Some of the ore yielded as high as $106 to the ton, but the mines never amounted to much.

.....The Marysville *Appeal* first made its appearance in January, 1860, with George W. Bloor & Co. as publishers and Harry R. Mighels as editor.

.....Andrew Black of this city was appointed State Printing Expert, by Governor Downey, on January 24, 1860.

....."Sunset" Cox was thirty years ago a member of Congress from Ohio, and an outspoken advocate of the Union.

.....On the 18th of January, 1860, John Bellmer was married to Maria Grady in this city.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Harper, the Stockton Pitcher, Will Play in Sacramento.

Manager Zeigler, of the Sacramento Baseball team, succeeded last evening in obtaining the signature of Harper, the ex-Stockton pitcher, to a contract to play ball in this city next season. Harper had offers from several Eastern clubs, but the local team out bid them and the popular young twirler decided to remain in California. Harper, as the enthusiasts know, is a clever pitcher, in addition to being a sober and gentlemanly young fellow. He and Zeigler will be formidable box-men next year. Borchers has been shelved, owing to the inability of the manager to keep him straight.

Mr. Zeigler says he only needs one more player—a left-fielder—to make his nine complete. He has been after Roberts, who filled that position so successfully for the Sacramentos last year, but that young man believes he is too "speedy" for a California club and wants to go East. Should no Eastern club desire his services, however, he might condescend to play again in Sacramento. But Manager Zeigler says that if he can get another capable left-fielder in the meantime, he will not bother Mr. Roberts.

A number of persons who are interested in the formation of the Northern California League will hold a meeting in Woodland on February 23d, when the ball towns will be selected and a schedule arranged. A change has been made in the circuit. Willows, failing to secure a team, has been dropped and Marysville substituted. As yet Colusa has not secured a team, and the chances are that that place will not be represented. Efforts are being made to have Auburn place a team in the League, and one also in Chico. If these places are secured they will form a good circuit, and a successful season is anticipated. Manager Devine, of the Lavenson, of this city, feels a little sore over the signing of his prize catcher, McHale, whom he says has signed a contract to give his services to the Lavensons for the season of 1890. Another catcher has been secured by Manager Devine, and his team will not be materially weakened by the loss of McHale.

SERIOUS CHARGE.

A Sacramentan Claims to Have Been Swindled Out of Property.

F. Mante is a Sacramento citizen who, like many others, was not quite satisfied with the speed with which riches were being showered upon him, and resolved to become wealthy at once. He had some property south of the R-street levee, which he agreed to deed away to one P. D. Gardemeyer, Manager of the College Park Land Association of Sutter county, for some alleged gilt-edged property within that Association's tract.

He alleges that in September last Gardemeyer, by fraudulent promises and pretenses, induced him to deed to the former the west half of lot 3, between Eighth and Ninth, R and S streets, in return for which Gardemeyer was to give him title, on November 1st, to three lots in the College Park addition to Sutter City.

In the meantime Mante was to be allowed to occupy the Sacramento property free of rent. Mante alleges that the Sacramento property is worth $1,200 and the Sutter property $900.

On Thursday last Mante swore out a complaint before Justice Henry, charging Gardemeyer with obtaining property by false pretenses. The warrant was given to Constable George Martin to serve, and he went to San Francisco and arrested Gardemeyer in that city yesterday afternoon.

Mante has retained E. C. Hart to prosecute the case.

PLACER LAND SUIT.

The Land Office Decides a Case Involving a Valuable Tract.

A decision has finally been rendered by the Register and Receiver of the Federal Land Office in this city in the case of Mary Dornan vs. Charles F. Vaughn, involving the title to some forty acres of valuable land in the vicinity of the town of Ophir, Placer county. The issue was as to the right of Mary Dornan to make a homestead entry to the tract, or whether Vaughn should be allowed the preferred right to file a pre-emption claim to the same.

The suit was instituted something over two years ago, and owing to the valuable character of the land in controversy has been stubbornly fought and contested at all points. The Land Office decided in favor of Vaughn. Messrs. J. E. Prewitt, of Auburn, represented the plaintiff, and J. M. Fulweiler, of Auburn, and C. F. Gardner, of this city, were counsel for Vaughn.

THE STONE RANCH.

A Sacramento Capitalist Has a Claim of Some $11,000 Against It.

James Bithell, of this city, has begun a suit, through his attorneys, Taylor & Holl, to foreclose a mortgage against Lucius Stone, the young San Francisco bankrupt, on what is known as the Stone ranch, in the southwestern portion of this county, on which the defendant borrowed the sum of $9,000 in August, 1887, at 10 per cent. interest per annum.

The interest for but one year has been paid, and plaintiff asks judgment for what remains due, including $1,000 attorneys' fees, the whole sum sued for amounting to $11,697 92.

Plaintiff also asks that a receiver be appointed. The London and San Francisco Bank, James A. Donohue, Eugene Kelly, J. A. Donohue, Jr., Howard Havens, John M. Flood and Fred Keema, who claim some interest in the property, are made co-defendants.

The Harris-Simmons Decision.

In mentioning yesterday the decision in the case of Wm. Harris vs. Dr. G. L. Simmons, involving the ownership of a few inches of ground, an error was made in stating that the strip claimed by Harris ran across the rear of the Simmons home property. Instead, however, it is a small lot adjoining the doctor's residence on the west, on which is a small cottage.

In this connection the fact is worthy of mention that the decision of Judge Van Fleet, referred to yesterday, is in line with one rendered by Judge Armstrong in 1888 in the case of O'Keefe vs. McCarthy, in that it declares that existing division fences, and not the surveys of City Engineer Bassett, must stand as the dividing lines.

Police Court Notes.

M. Herman was yesterday found guilty in the Police Court of discharging firearms within the city limits and malicious mischief. Sentence was deferred until Monday.

The charges of malicious mischief against "Sandy" Howser and Fred Walke were not proved.

Tom O'Brien was acquitted of a charge of battery.

Dan Carroll got forty days in the County Jail for being a common drunkard.

George Smith, who battered a boy in the Scroggs building, was sentenced to twenty days.

Frank Steake, against whom there was a charge of petit larceny, saved his bacon.

Senator Fair's "Caballo."

The complaint in a suit entitled James G. Fair vs. H. J. Palmer has been filed in the Superior Court. The instrument sets forth that Palmer illegally retains in his possession a horse known as "Sobrante," the property of plaintiff, of the value of $600. The ex-Senator wants either the horse or his value. Matt F. Johnson is Fair's attorney.

Died of Consumption.

The death was announced yesterday of John Francis Talbot, son of John Talbot, of this city, who died of consumption at the residence of his parents.

Deceased was a native of this city, aged 25 years. He was wide and popularly known, and was a prominent member of Sunset Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West.

The Escaped Convict Recaptured.

Thomas Murray, the convict who escaped from the Folsom Prison by hiding outside, was caught near Auburn yesterday afternoon.

OUR RIVER DEFENSES.

HOW THEY CAN BE MADE EFFECTIVE AGAINST EMERGENCIES.

Views of Engineers Grunsky, Pierson and Bassett on the Subject—Some Timely Suggestions.

Some time since the Improvement Association requested engineers Grunsky, Pierson and Bassett to consult together on the subject of the city levees, regarding their present condition, and to determine and report to that body what, if anything, was required to be done to make them effective against any unusual rise in the rivers consequent upon the effects of the unprecedented rain and snowfall of the present season. These gentlemen have concluded the work assigned to them and united in the following interesting report, which will be submitted to the Improvement Association:

To the Executive Levee Committee of the Improvement Association—GENTLEMEN: Having been called upon by you to present a brief statement concerning your defenses against the high waters which are probable in the near future, and to suggest such precautionary measures as we think should at once be carried out, we do now report as follows:

We have no means of knowing how slowly or how fast the vast deposits of snow in the mountains to the north and east may be sent down upon us and we are constrained to consider the possibility of a greater flood-flow of water down the Sacramento valley than is known to have ever occurred in the past.

In view of the fact that the well-known great flood of 1862 extended in a broad sheet westward from near Brighton to Davisville, at an elevation of twenty-four feet six inches on the river rod, and that this occurred at a time when the outflow of water across the swamp lands to Suisun Bay was practically unimpeded by levees, it is evident that the same flood would now, since the islands have all been surrounded with levees, cause a greater rise of water in the river and to the west of the river than it did actually take place in 1862. Moreover, the elevation of water (at a height greater than that of 1862) may be maintained for many days, or even weeks, and it is this fact which in our judgment should not be lost sight of, and that enables us to assure beyond the question of doubt the point at which the present levee system of this city is weakest.

It is well known to all Sacramento's citizens that disaster to our city would be greatest if a break in the north or American river levee should occur, for in that case the water would sweep with great force through the residence portion of the city, and no part of it, except the high graded streets, could escape flooding. Fortunately the danger from this direction is much less than it was a few years ago, when the American river was impinging directly against the very foundation of some portion of the north levee. The river has been forced into a channel lying further away from the levee and a swift flow of water along the levee is impeded by the cottonwood and willow brush intervening between levee and river.

This levee just north of the central portion of Sacramento is some five feet higher than the J-street grade, and it rises toward the east, being some 11 feet higher than this grade at Thirty-first street, and, continuing to rise, is fully 20 feet higher at Brighton than J street.

When the American river rises to above bank hights near its mouth, it discharges into the vast overflow basin on its north side, as well as into Sacramento river, and the hight of the water in this basin cannot exceed materially the hight of water in Sacramento river, and this again is limited by the hight of the river levees upon either side of the river. These levees must give way when the water in front of Sacramento stands (as it will at 27 feet 6 inches), and at this hight of water, as we know from a recent experience, there is nothing to fear on Front street. From the time that the Sacramento river above the American river is practically without levees, and situated to the American basin will unite with the water of the Yolo basin, forming one vast expanse, bearing a surface area of hundreds of square miles, and this expanse of water must thereafter rise with the water in the Sacramento river.

Not until this has occurred will there be any greater danger to our defenses in front of and below the city than there was during the high water of last December. A break in the levee at any point within a few miles of Sacramento on this side of the river below town might at that time have caused water to rise to the hight of the lowest portion of the Y-street levee. Such a break is very likely to occur in the face of every effort that can be made to prevent the same, if the expected flood fills the basin west of the river to a hight greater than twenty-six feet on the river rod at Sacramento.

When the water has thus filled Yolo basin (as above held to be probable that it will under conditions of temperature and rainfall conducive to a rapid melting of the snow) then it is more than likely that this great elevation of the water surface will be maintained for days or even for weeks. It is herein that the greatest menace to the efficiency of our defenses against high water lies. For should a break occur below the city on our side then it would not, as did the Paine break, suddenly lower the water surface in the river, because the water could, under the circumstances, fall but slowly (because the fall would extend throughout the entire Yolo basin). As the top of the Y-street levee is much lower than the elevation at which it is highly probable that the water will stand for many days on the Yolo side of the river, nothing would then prevent the water from entering the city from the south unless a temporary embankment be raised on the Y-street levee.

Should a flood attain the elevation above indicated throughout the whole breadth of the Yolo basin we can rest assured that a further rise of water will be very slow, and ample time will be afforded to prevent a general overtopping of Front street. We do, therefore, advise that precautionary measures, such as raising those parts of Front street where the same is known to be but little higher than the recent flood waters, be at once taken.

Meanwhile, it goes without saying that during all the time when water in the Sacramento river is at or about the 25-foot mark on the river rod, the levee along the river bank, from R street south to Y street, should be carefully watched, and that throughout all stages of the American river a similar precaution should be taken with reference to the north levee, because, even though an overtopping of these embankments is not now to be feared, they may yet be endangered for any length of time while water is standing against them by the burrows of gophers, into which water may and its way when least expected, and which may cause the destruction of embankments, otherwise deemed perfectly safe.

Under the existing circumstances we do therefore recommend that Y street levee be at once raised to an elevation four feet greater than it now has, between the river and Twenty-first street, and that this be done with material secured from the owners of adjacent property. We do not deem it wise to disturb the present crown of the levee, and we fail to see any great advantage from a financial standpoint from taking material from one side of the levee and piling it up on the other. The material thus excavated must be replaced in the future, and even if replacing of material were guaranteed to the adjacent landowners, there should be no excess of cost in building up the Y-street levee in the manner by us recommended—and there certainly ought to be no objection by property-owners—particularly not by those on the city side of the levee, to furnishing the earth required.

Y street should also be raised one and one-half feet from Twenty-first to about Twenty-eighth street, in order that throughout its entire length its top be at an elevation corresponding to 24 feet on our river rod.

Front street should be raised at all low points between L and O streets, and a proper connection of any temporary work there done should be made with the higher portion of the railroad embankment just below O street.

We would also recommend that you effect a thorough organization to watch all levees during the time of high water, and that proper arrangements be made in advance to meet any unforeseen emergency that may arise.

We make these recommendations in the full knowledge of the fact that we are not competent to say that by carrying them out the city will be made absolutely safe from overflow, but that under the existing circumstances and conditions, the city's defenses against water will be made more nearly of equal strength in all directions than they now are, and that these recommendations should be carried out before other levee work of less importance is done, and before those conditions of temperature and rainfall have set in which would bring a greater flood down upon us than our standard of comparison, the flood of 1862.

In order to explain the relative elevations of the levees and grades in the city, we have compiled the following data:

High water in 1862, 24 feet ½ inch on river rod.

High water in 1881, 26 feet 6 inches on river rod.

High water in 1889, December, 26 feet 11½ inches on river rod.

Top of Y-street levee, Front to cemetery, 29 feet on river rod.

Top of Y street levee, cemetery to Twenty-first street, 29 feet on river rod.

Top of Y-street levee, Twenty-first to Twenty-eighth street, 22 feet 6 inches on river rod.

Top of river levee, Y to P street, 30 feet on river rod.

Top of Front street, O to L street, 27 feet to 29 feet on river rod.

Top of Front street, L to I street, 28 feet to 29 feet on river rod.

Top of Front street at I street, 29 feet on river rod.

K-street grade, 27 feet 5 inches on river rod.

J-street grade, 28 feet 5 inches on river rod.

I-street grade, 29 feet on river rod.

Sixth-street grade, 29 feet on river rod.

Railroad embankments around Machine Shops, 29 feet to 33 feet 6 inches on river rod.

North levee at Seventh street, 33 feet 6 inches on rod—8 feet above high water of 1881.

North levee at Thirteenth street, 35 feet on rod.

North levee at Thirty-first street, 39 feet 4 inches on rod—6 feet above high water of 1881.

North levee at railroad bridge, 41 feet on rod—7 feet above high water of 1881.

North levee at Brighton, 51 feet on rod—8 feet above high water of 1881.

City grade at Twelfth and H streets, 21 feet on river rod.

City grade at Twentieth and H streets, 19 feet 5 inches on river rod.

City grade at Twenty-eight and H streets, 21 feet on river rod.

City grade at Tenth and M streets, 19 feet on river rod.

City grade at Twentieth and M streets, 17 feet 5 inches on river rod.

City grade at Twenty-eighth and M, 23 feet 5 inches on river rod.

City grade at Third and O streets, 17 feet 5 inches on river rod.

City grade at Tenth and Q streets, 17 feet 5 inches on river rod.

City grade at Twentieth and Q streets, 19 feet on river rod.

City grade at Twenty-eighth and Q streets, 23 feet 5 inches on river rod.

Respectfully submitted,

C. E. GRUNSKY,
J. C. PIERSON,
L. F. BASSETT.

Sacramento, January 25, 1890.

HIS GENEROUS NATURE.

How Colonel Crocker Alleviated the Wants of Snowbound Travelers.

The RECORD-UNION staff correspondent on the Oregon Division states that, from personal conversations with J. R. Satterley of St. Louis, and others, who were on the snowbound train at Sims with Colonel Crocker, he learned that all were loud in their praises of Colonel Crocker's kindness and solicitude for his fellow-travelers. The travelers state that he divided the contents of his buffet, even to the cigars, with all hands, and took "pot-luck" with the rest, when there was nothing left but crackers. He sent an order to Sims to have bread baked, and when word came back of a refusal to do so, he quickly found means to enforce his demands.

An instance of his kindness of heart is related by Mr. Satterley. The brakeman, who had been injured some time before, was not very robust, and was taken sick. Colonel Crocker ordered him brought into his own car, where he was placed in a comfortable bed. A kind-hearted lady, who was traveling with her husband, volunteered to look after the sick man, and the Colonel gave up his own bed to the lady and her husband, in order that the brakeman might have good care.

It was suggested that the engine be cut loose and endeavor to work its way back to Redding with the Colonel, but he would not hear of it, his answer being that the ill-luck had befallen them together, and he would stay with them until all got out together. And, when they were finally released and got to Redding, he gave orders at the hotel (which is a first-class one, by the way), to give the very best of everything to all hands and to charge the expense to the company.

These acts are remembered very gratefully by the passengers, and they are not mealy-mouthed about giving credit where it is due. The entire party got along like one family, working in harmony, and cheerfully dividing the eatables with each other; and one passenger was good-natured enough to buy two cans of oysters (all he could get) for $3, and make soup for the crowd. The passengers were also loud in praise of Conductor Jack Anstey. He was everywhere—hauling wood, water, provisions, etc., and putting in his spare time in looking after the comfort of all.

The blockade is a God-send to some of the passengers at Redding. Your correspondent learned that a family of nine often persons are living in the cars at the depot, and in better style probably than they have ever before lived. They are in no hurry to have the blockade raised.

SUPPOSED FATAL FALL.

William Desmond Meets With a Sad and Terrible Accident.

When the janitor of Armory Hall opened that place yesterday morning he found young William Desmond lying on the floor directly under the gallery and unconscious. There was a pool of blood under him, while a small stream flowed from his mouth, showing that he had evidently met with a terrible fall. On a bench in the gallery was found the young man's hat, indicating that he had fallen from there, a distance of perhaps fifteen feet. A hack was called and the sufferer taken to the home of his stepfather, Bernard Kane, at Fourth and N streets.

The young man had been in attendance at the Caledonian ball on the preceding night, and the supposition is that he went to the gallery and lay down on one of the benches and there fell asleep; that toward morning, after the lights had all been extinguished and the place deserted, he rose and in the dark fell over the low railing of the balcony to the floor.

He remained unconscious all day, and was in that condition at last accounts last night. The probability is that he suffered concussion of the brain, and no hope was entertained of his recovery. Mr. Desmond has been a faithful, industrious mechanic in the railroad shops, and is a young man greatly esteemed by a large circle of friends.

THE RIVERS.

The American Booms for a While and Then Lets Down.

Reports were received here yesterday from Folsom and other points above on the American river, to the effect that the river was rising rapidly. Mayor Gregory and Trustee McLaughlin issued an order during the morning calling for men to work on the Y-street levee. A large force of laborers responded and were placed at work in the afternoon.

The American river rose rapidly at this city last evening, but not to a serious hight.

The Sacramento river at midnight registered 21 feet 10 inches—a rise of but 4 inches since noon—and it was nearly stationary.

Reports from the North were to the effect that the Yuba and Feather rivers were falling, and a dispatch from Folsom last night announced that the American had spent itself and was then falling.

ENGINEER COX.

His Remains Brought to this City for Burial.

The body of Charles Cox, the unfortunate engineer who was killed in the accident near Davisville, Friday night, was brought to this city last evening, and delivered to the bereaved relatives. A Coroner's Jury was impaneled at Davisville, before the body was removed, and the inquest will be held to-day.

The deceased was one of the most popular engineers on the road as well as one of the most reliable and intelligent. He was born in Yuba county, and was 26 years of age. He was married only a year ago.

Some time ago a brother of Engineer Cox, who was also a locomotive engineer, was scalded to death in an accident.

AMUSEMENTS.

A better house at the Metropolitan Theater last night witnessed Vernona Jarbeau's musical farce comedy "Strictly Confidential." The audience was well pleased with the entertainment, which consists of a host of songs, dances and witticisms held together by a mere spider line thread of plot. The theater was well warmed and thoroughly comfortable. It is the intention of the owner of the building, Mrs. Foye, to extend the chimney on the east side, to secure still better draught for the furnaces in case cold weather requires greater heat to be generated.

BRIEF NOTES.

On Friday afternoon William Meister was drowned in the American river near Salmon Falls.

Ticket No. 1 won the single-footer saddle-horse raffled last night by John Connell. The winning throw of the dice was 44.

If the Government has control of all navigable waters, there is danger of Uncle Sam stepping in and claiming some of our so called streets.

It is said that local street car drivers are now required to study navigation, and that anchors are about to be substituted for brakes on the cars.

An officer will this morning take to San Francisco Rose Martinez, the 13 year-old girl who was ordered committed to the care of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society.

Exempt Firemen's Election.

The annual election for officers of the Exempt Firemen's Association was held yesterday, and resulted as follows: Hiram Cook, President; J. B. Rogers, First Vice-President; Aaron Nathan, Second Vice-President; George A. Putnam, Treasurer; William Avery, Secretary. Patrick Nash, A. Brewer, Frank Swift, M. Fetherston, J. H. Crone, Charles Barnes and A. Gonnet, Trustees.

Remorseless Death.

Last night Mary, the two-year-old child of Edward and Margaret McEwen, who reside on N street, near Fifth, died of diphtheria. The little sufferer was a sweet and lovable child, and her death is a severe blow to her parents, who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Sunset Parlor.

Owing to the death of Frank Talbot, the party which was announced to be given to-morrow evening by Sunset Parlor, N. S. G. W., of which the deceased was a prominent member, has been postponed until further notice.

How much sooner it gets too dark to saw wood than it does to play lawn tennis.

WASHOUTS.

THE RAILROAD HAS SOME MORE BAD LUCK.

The Trouble at Davisville—Big Slide Near Placerville and Another at Port Costa.

The railroad is indeed in hard luck just at present. No sooner did the prospects for breaking the snow-blockade on the Sierras begin to look encouraging than washouts and land-slides were reported on nearly all of the other divisions.

The first of these was the one mentioned yesterday, as having occurred this side of Davisville. This consisted of a wash-out of the track for a distance of about 80 feet. This was caused by the sudden rise of Cache creek, and the track was washed out to a depth of from seven to twelve feet. The work-train went to the scene early yesterday morning, and the break was rapidly filled in with cobbles and earth and the track relayed. This is the break into which Engineer Cox's train ran on Friday night, killing him and badly injuring fireman Neal.

Putah creek, which is west of Davisville, also rose on Friday night, and the result was another washout one mile and a half west of Davisville. Sixty feet of track was washed away. The strong current washed out the roadbed to a depth of seven or eight feet. It was decided not to fill this break in, as it would only be in danger of another washout, so a piledriver and outfit was sent up from Oakland yesterday, and work was immediately commenced on a temporary bridge, so that the water might pass on through unobstructed. The bridge will probably be ready for trains to-night.

The Davisville breaks ordinarily would not have impeded travel between Sacramento and San Francisco, as there are two other routes available—one by way of Martinez and another via Niles. But, to the extreme annoyance of the railroad people, both of these routes also suffered as well as the Davisville route. A washout first occurred on the Martinez route, near Port Costa, and immediately after this a land slide near Altamont closed the Niles route.

Thus, the only way to get to San Francisco yesterday was by way of "the river steamers or by balloon," as one of the train dispatchers put it.

But even here the trouble did not end. Reports from the Napa branch came, to the effect that that line had suffered from several washouts between Napa Junction and Calistoga. No trains could pass over that road Friday night or yesterday morning. A large force of men were set to work there, however, and by last night everything was clear, and last night's Calistoga train went through on time.

The next trouble reported was from the Santa Rosa Division. The draw-bridge which crosses the Napa river, between Napa Junction and Mersazo, began to shake under the enormous pressure of the swollen river, and trains did not dare cross it. After considerable work the bridge was strengthened sufficiently to allow the trains to cross safely.

On the northern road—from Davisville to Germantown—several more washouts were reported, and no trains passed over that road yesterday. To-day's Red Bluff train will in all probability be sent down by way of Willows to Davisville, and from there the passengers will be transferred over the Davisville washout to a train on this side, and in this way they will reach this city.

The Placerville division, which has heretofore been very fortunate in escaping accidents, also came in for its share of yesterday's troubles. A big land-slide occurred about half a mile west of Placerville, covering up about 250 feet of track, and rendering it impassable. Owing to the great amount of earth which came down in this slide, and the prospect that more would follow should an attempt be made to shovel it out, it was deemed advisable to build a new track around the slide rather than attempt to clear it, and a large force of track-layers were immediately set to work. The passengers were transferred to the other side of the slide, and thus lost but little time. The regular Placerville freight train was cancelled yesterday. It is thought that the new track will be ready for trains to-morrow.

A dispatch received last night from Lathrop says: There have been no trains from San Francisco to-day. The slides near Port Costa prevent all trains from passing, and the washouts near Altamont have not as yet been cleared. They are transferring at this point train No. 18, from the south, and also one of the trains that had been blocked in the snow on the Central Pacific for the last ten days, which started for San Francisco via Martinez this morning. It had to return to Sacramento from Cornwall. They will leave by boat at 8 o'clock for San Francisco if the road is not cleared before that time.

Train No. 20, from the south, this evening also went to Sacramento, to go down by the boat in the morning if necessary. The Southern Pacific people are doing everything in their power for the comfort of the passengers. The levee along the San Joaquin river is all right so far, but it has been raining for the last twenty-four hours and no telling what may turn up.

RAIN AND TEMPERATURE.

Signal Service Records Show Some Interesting Facts.

The rainfall from Friday night at 5 P. M to the time it stopped yesterday morning amounted to 1.34 inches, for the month 6.46 inches, and for the season 23 45 inches, as against 9.61 inches to an equal date last year.

The present season has now been beaten but by two seasons, to the same date, in the past forty years. Those were 1861–2 and 1885–6, when something over 25 inches were precipitated.

The highest and lowest temperatures yesterday were 50° and 45°, with rapid rising barometer, southerly winds and cloudy weather, with a little sunshine and blue sky during the evening a short time before sunset.

The barometer at 5 A. M. was 29 74 inches, and at 5 P. M. 29 93 inches, showing quite a rise during that time.

The rainfall for the six hours ending at 5 A. M. yesterday was quite heavy in Central and Northern California, if we can judge by the way it fell at the following Signal Service stations, viz: San Francisco, 2 68 inches; Sacramento, 1.40 inches, and Red Bluff, 1 60 inches.

The temperatures at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M yesterday were 46° and 48°, and the dew-point 45° and 44°.

The highest and lowest temperatures one year ago yesterday were 60° and 34°, and one year ago to-day 61° and 34°. The warm wave that is now over the Pacific coast extended yesterday as far east as the Missouri river, while at Denver the temperature at 6 A. M. was warmer than it had been at any time yesterday in this city.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

Hayti a Good Customer of Ours—Its Regeneration Desired.

[From the Iron Age.]

Hayti occupies the western third of the Island of Santo Domingo, its area being 28,900 square kilometers, with a population of 1,000,000 souls. It is often called the Black Republic, three-quarters of the population being negroes and one-quarter mulattoes. The agricultural resources of the country notably are great and manifold, and the cabinet and dye woods exported are of exceptionally good quality. Coffee is the chief export article. Since the rise of this staple a couple of years ago, which is still sustained, the many small farmers have flourished, and as a consumer of American flour, provisions, and the less luxurious commodities, Hayti became a very important customer of ours, taking nearly $4,000,000 of our goods last year and the year before. The total imports were $6,000,000 per annum, and the exports $9,000,000.

When the civil war broke out early in August last year the public indebtedness of Hayti had been reduced to $13,500,000 and the finances were in good shape, but the ruinous strife between two rival Generals, Legitime and Hippolyte, which lasted over a year, changed all this. Legitime caused $2,000,000 paper money that had been withdrawn to be destroyed, to be put in circulation again, and to this he added $2,000,000 of new issue, besides incurring a bonded debt of $1,200,000. The war was a costly affair, involving an expenditure of over $5,000,000, while interrupting agriculture and commerce, and causing outstandings to be collected with difficulty. Fortunately it was brought to a close just prior to the gathering of the new coffee crop, and with the high value the latter still commands, plenty of money will flow into the country from now forward, and enable dealers and consumers to replenish the stocks of imported goods cash in hand. Confidence being restored, credit will once more be given to a moderate extent to well-known dealers. The probability is, therefore, that a brisk and profitable trade will be done with Hayti in the future from New York, Boston and other ports on this coast.

General Hippolyte entered the capital, Port-au-Prince, at the head of his victorious army of 8,000 men, on August 24th, and convoked the Constitutional Assembly for September 24th. The latter remodeled the Constitution, reducing the Presidential term from seven years to four years, and thereupon elected Hippolyte to the Presidency of the Republic on October 17th by a unanimous vote. While the struggle was going on General Hippolyte had been receiving material financial aid at the hands of certain capitalists and merchants here, in return for which he has granted, it is asserted, certain important rights and privileges to an American syndicate, of which the said firms are members. This syndicate proposes to furnish $13,000,000, and the new Government of Hayti agrees to concede to it exclusively all rights pertaining to the construction of railways, telegraphs, mining, building or bridges, establishment of banks and institutions of credit.

With the exception of a good national bank, Hayti has no institutions of this character, no railways and no industries of any consequence. The field is excellent in view of the magnificent resources of the country and its fine geographical situation. With better means of inland communication, coffee production may be increased and more mahogany and logwood extracted from the large forest area. Hence the field for American capital and enterprise is inviting, nor is it likely that these interests would be endangered very seriously at any time, the case of the steamer Haytian Republic having inspired the people down there with a due appreciation of the energy of our Government should anything occur demanding the naval intervention of the latter. It is to be hoped that the regeneration of a country where our commercial interests preponderate even now may be vigorously taken in hand in the manner indicated, and that those willing to risk their money down there may eventually be amply rewarded.

DIPLOMATIC AGENTS.

How the Representatives of Foreign Countries are Received.

[Edmund Alton in St. Nicholas.]

Under rules formally agreed upon by the powers of Europe, at the International Congress of Vienna and Aix la Chapelle (held in the early part of the present century), and adopted by the Government of the United States, diplomatic agents are divided into four classes: (1) Embassadors, legates or nuncios; (2) envoys, ministers or other persons accredited to sovereigns; (3) ministers resident, and (4) charges d'affaires accredited to Ministers for Foreign Affairs. Embassadors, legatees and nuncios possess what is styled the "representative" character. They are supposed to represent the person of the prince by whom they are sent, and as such to be entitled to hold direct personal audience with the sovereign to whom they are accredited. Our Government neither sends nor receives diplomats of this grade. Legates and nuncios represent the Pope, with whom we have no political relations, and who, therefore, has no agent at Washington; and as we have not seen fit to attach the title of Embassador to any of the representatives sent out by us, we have been honored with no Embassadors from other States. In point of fact, this representative distinction is of little practical value so far as it confers the privilege of direct approach to the throne, for diplomatic business is transacted nowadays through the Foreign Office of every leading Government, and not through personal audiences with the sovereign head. Still, it humors the vanity of a diplomat to be called Embassador; the title gives him precedence on ceremonial occasions, and at some Capitals it gives him precedence in securing audience with the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The United States, in its treatment of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, disregards the question of title in matters of business. The Ministers take rank in the diplomatic body according to the order in which they arrive at the seat of government and present their credentials, and as to interviews with the Secretary of State they are admitted to the audience-room in the order in which they reach the Department and present their cards on "Diplomatic Day." A similar rule as to audiences is recognized at St.

SNOW AND RAIN.

The Condition on the Sierras Remains Unchanged.

HEAVY BLOCKADE ON THE OREGON

High Waters Reported from all Portions of the State—Weather Clearing Up.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

The condition of affairs on "the hill," the scene of the great snow blockade, presented a decidedly improved aspect last night.

It ceased storming all along the line early in the evening, and at midnight information was received by the railroad officials in this city that the stars were out and the weather was clear and cold as far east as Truckee. At the Summit the barometer was rising rapidly, and everything indicated that the great storm was over.

Should this condition continue, it is only a matter of a few hours, the railroad people say, until all trains will be moving.

The road is now thoroughly clear from Sacramento to Blue Canyon, and on the other side it is clear from Reno west to Cascade. The rotary plow was engaged yesterday in clearing up some troublesome "slush" between Blue Canyon and Emigrant Gap, a distance of five miles. This portion of the track is partially covered with snow-sheds. From Emigrant Gap it is eight miles to Cisco, and this is covered throughout by sheds. It will be necessary, however, to send a "bucker" plow through these, in order to clear up the little mounds which form on the track from the fine snow which sifts through the cracks in the sheds.

The only obstacle of importance now is the mile-and-a-half strip at Cascade, where the sheds are down. This strip is really an unknown quantity, but the officials do not anticipate much trouble from it. During the last blockade the snow at Cascade was cleaned up by the rotary in twenty minutes. But at present it is deeper and has laid longer than was the case with the other blockade. At any rate, barring accidents to the plow, confidence is expressed that this will be cleared off in a couple of hours.

The rotary will in all probability reach Cascade this forenoon, and after going over the mile-and-a-half strip, the plow's work will be done—that is, if the storm does not break loose again.

As soon as Cascade is clear and everything is reported in good order—and it is expected that such report will be received this afternoon or evening—Superintendent J. B. Wright will order the delayed train now at Cisco to proceed to the Summit and thence East. The west-bound trains at Truckee and Reno will also receive orders to move.

Superintendent Wright stated last night that he felt confident that all trains would be moving by to-night.

FROM THE FRONT.

The Delayed Passengers at Cisco Still Enjoying Themselves.

[From the RECORD UNION'S Special Correspondents.]

Cisco, January 25th.—At this writing your correspondents are yet at this place, having deemed it imprudent to proceed to Cascade, the operator there being dead and no station agent has yet been sent there, consequently no dispatch or information could have reached you from that point.

Between Cascade and Summit, for a stretch of nearly two miles, the snow is piled upon the track to some depth, and the rotary is expected to clear it away.

After clearing this space the road will then be opened to Truckee, and trains permitted to move. Your correspondents propose to wait for the push plow and rotary due here from Emigrant Gap this evening, and proceed on them to Cascade, where the fight will be made toward Summit. The snow-storm which we made mention of in yesterday's report, continued here until 12 o'clock to-day.

At the hotel here men are engaged in shoveling the snow from the roof.

The passengers here are beginning to brighten up with the prospects of clearing the road, and no doubt this evening when the rotary gets here, if it does, a great cheer will go up as at Blue Canyon and Shady Run.

The track in sheds between here and Cascade is slightly covered with snow, and the push plow will be handy in making the way clear.

THE PASSENGERS.

Your correspondents again visited the snow-bound travelers to-day, finding them in the best of spirits. Many were engaged in playing dominoes, which were made out of bits of cardboard and marked in the regulation manner. A number of cardboard checker-boards were also in view, giving evidence that they were making the best of the situation. The lady passengers, who have been more closely confined to the cars on account of drifting snow than the gentlemen, seemed the most contented of all.

Among consignments to this train before leaving San Francisco was a beautiful and precious bid of freight, 5 years old, who is being sent to his mother in New York. A tag fastened to his breast reads:

Conductors and Traveling Public: Kindly care for and deliver Sammy Garlick to his mamma, 757 Broadway, New York.

The conductor and passengers know nothing of the little fellow's history. All speak in praise of him and are glad to care for him.

Dr. H. N. Miner of Colfax, sent by the Southern Pacific Company, arrived here at noon to-day, walking eighteen miles through the snow drifts to attend the snow-bound passengers here who are suffering with slight colds, and also to attend several snow-shovelers who are ill. The doctor made part of the trip late last night, getting to Yuba Pass a little before midnight. It is expected that he will remain until the blockade is completely raised.

Capt. W. R Knight, one of the company's oldest conductors, also came in tired and footsore. He is sent by the railroad people to grant extension of time on all limited tickets, thus saving the passengers all annoyance as they proceed on their journey.

To-day while the snow was falling, one of your correspondents expressed a desire to get outside of the sheds on to some point where the genuine mountain blizzard could be witnessed to advantage. The station people referred him to a place called Lookout, built for observation, a short distance above the ticket office, where a fine view of the mountain tops can be had in clear weather, for miles.

LOOKING FOR A BLIZZARD.

The correspondent at once set out for the place. Upon arriving there he found that a bank of snow stood in his way, but the difficulty was soon removed, and an ascent made to the opening on top of the snow-shed. Here he met with a more serious obstacle, as the opening above the shed was covered by a knoll of snow rising about ten feet higher.

Returning to the hotel he asked of Mr. Davis, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, for the loan of a pair of snow-shoes. The request was kindly granted, as well as instructions how to fasten them on. The reporter had never seen a snow-shoe before, and thought that lessons in their use unnecessary. In this connection it may be well to say for information of readers that at Cisco for many miles up and down the railroad is entirely covered with sheds, and they, at present, by many feet of snow. Inside it is very dark, and lanterns are constantly used. If you want a view of the mountains of snow you must go to Lookout or get outside of the sheds some way. On this account the snowshoes were borrowed. The reporter then went to the second-story window of the Cisco Hotel, buckled on the shoes, straightening himself up with a long Alpine stock, and started off on his journey through and over the mountains of snow.

NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS.

The correspondent had not proceeded far before he got his feet tangled—or, rather, his snowshoes, which are about eight feet long—and losing his balance, fell over into the snow, and when released by Mr. Davis, who had been taking an observation from the gable window of the hotel, only the bottoms of his shoes were visible.

After being righted and given a few pointers, which were thankfully received, he again proceeded on his journey of upwards of an hour, which was without incident worthy of note, except experience gained by witnessing the storm.

THE LATEST.

Some Work for the Rotary at Cascade This Morning.

Cisco, January 25th.—11 P. M.—The snow plow passed Cisco from Emigrant Gap at 10:15 on its way to Cascade, seven miles above. At that point the blockade covers only a mile and a half.

The snow is reported very deep, and no attempt will be made to raise the blockade until the arrival of the rotary, which at present writing is working between Blue Canyon and Emigrant Gap eastward.

The mightiest efforts are being put forth all along the line to-night to reach the last trenches of the storm king. It is calm here.

STILL LATER NEWS.

Cisco, January 26th—12:30 A. M.—G. G. Myer, conductor, in charge of six engines and the "bucker" snow-plow, which ran up to Cascade, has just returned, having cleared the track to the mile-and-a-half strip. They are now awaiting orders to return to Emigrant Gap to side-track for the rotary The conductor reports the track above in splendid condition. No news yet from the rotary at this writing.

ALL OUT OF GEAR.

What Superintendent Fillmore Says About It.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25th.—To-day added new complications to the railroad situation, caused by the continued heavy rains and warm weather, which melted the snow in the foothills, thereby causing numerous serious washouts in nearly every portion of the State.

The west-bound passenger train which left Blue Canyon yesterday, where it had been blockaded on the Central Pacific line since the 14th, and which also had on board passengers of the delayed East-bound train which was blockaded at Shady Run, was again brought to a standstill at Avon, north of Martinez, owing to heavy land slides and washouts. The passengers will be transferred by steamer to Vallejo Junction and will probably arrive here to-night.

Superintendent Fillmore, of the Southern Pacific Company, says the blockade will be raised on the Central Pacific by to-morrow evening if the storm does not increase.

The blockade on the California and Oregon will not be raised for several days, on account of the heavy landslides north of Redding and the heavy snow between Dunsmuir and Edgewood.

Railroad traffic on nearly every line leading out of this city, and in fact nearly every railroad in the central and northern portions of the State is impeded more or less by washouts, landslides or snow.

The latest reports from the Sierra and Siskiyou mountains state that snow is falling as heavy as at any time during the present storm, and washouts and landslides are reported in increasing numbers from all sides.

All indications point to the situation as becoming worse in the next twenty-four hours, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts of the railroad men to repair and prevent further damage.

RESUME OF THE STORM.

From San Diego to Siskiyou and From the Sierras to the Sea.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25th.—The rain-storm last night and to-day was unusually severe and extended from the northern to the southern boundary and from the Sierra Nevada to the coast. The precipitation was unusually heavy in Sacramento, Sonoma, Napa, Vaca, Santa Clara and the San Joaquin valleys.

The weather also became warmer and the waters were augmented by the melting of snow in the foothills. The water courses in many places rose to an unprecedented hight and caused much damage in the low lands. Fields and orchards were flooded, cattle drowned, bridges, houses and fences carried away, levees broken, railroads damaged by washouts and landslides, towns wholly or partly flooded and business places and dwellings inundated.

Three lives are reported lost. It is believed that the worst is yet to come, as should the warm weather continue the rapid melting of the enormous bodies of snow in the foothills and mountains threaten a flood more serious than any before experienced.

Should the rains continue the acreage sown to wheat this year will be considerably less than that of last year.

Telegraphic and telephonic communication is badly interrupted throughout the storm section.

WILL COME TO SACRAMENTO.

Trains from the South Will Reach the Bay by Boat.

LATHROP, January 25th.—Trains No. 18 and 20, from the south to-day, have been forwarded to Sacramento. The passengers, as well as the mail and express and baggage, are to go from Sacramento to San Francisco in the morning by boat. The slides at Altamont and Port Costa prevent trains from going by the regular route. The delayed train No. 4, from the Central Pacific, which was in the snow blockade in the Sierra Nevadas for the last ten days, which started for San Francisco via Martinez, had to return to Sacramento to go down via boat in the morning.

The levee along the San Joaquin river is safe so far, but it has been raining for the last twenty-four hours, and bad results may be anticipated.

NEVADA CITY.

Heavy Rainfall—Snow Melting Rapidly—California Lions.

NEVADA CITY, January 25th.—Two inches of rain has fallen since morning, but the low thermometer indicates snow five hundred feet above this city. Streams are rising fast from here down, as the snow melts from the surface and at the bottom.

The body of Jacob Fischer, the miner who left Omega on the first day of the snow to go to Dutch Flat by the trail, ten miles, was found where he became exhausted and died, after having lost his bearings. He was unmarried, aged forty, and formerly belonged to the Knights of Pythias.

The four feet of snow on Commercial street has been made soft by the rain and is impassable. The stage leaving this morning for Bloomfield and the express sleigh leaving for Colfax were obliged to come back because the snow is getting bottomless and the Bear river is rising. All travel between here and Grass Valley has also ceased to-day, neither wagons nor sleighs being able to get through.

Wild animals are being driven down from the higher mountains by the snow. Last night a mountain lion burglarized a cabin a mile and a half from this city during the owner's temporary absence and devoured all the provisions. The suburbs of the city abound with game, large and small.

Robert J. Lee, who slashed Robert Simmons' face with a razor, disfiguring him for life, was sentenced to three months in the County Jail.

NEVADA, January 25th.—Clear since dark and freezing. The barometer foretells more storm. The season's precipitation to date is 70.50 inches, being more than for any entire year, except three, since 1869. For this month alone it is 23 inches, which beats the record, as does also last October, with 13 inches. The rise in Deer creek last night carried away the trestle supporting the pipe that conveys the water to the Merrifield mine.

Private advices state that Downieville is under eight feet of snow, which is an unprecedented depth for that town, and tunnels are run from building to building.

Sixteen feet of snow is reported at the San Jose mine, twelve miles east of here. Provisions are getting short at Washington. Phil Goyne, who left here on snowshoes last Sunday for Frazer's ranch, five miles north, expecting to return next day, was reported lost, and a search party went out. He was found at a ranch, waiting for the storm to quit, and came home this morning.

The mill at the Gambrinus mine, on Poor man's creek, was crushed flat by the snow.

The *Daily Transcript's* supply of newspaper is exhausted, owing to the blockade. To-morrow's edition will appear on paper of assorted colors.

ENTIRELY SECURE.

Marysville is Perfectly Safe from Any Probable Flood.

MARYSVILLE, January 25th.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon the water in the Yuba began falling at a point six miles above Marysville. The Yuba here will not go higher than fifteen feet this evening, and will fall before midnight.

The Feather has not reached a very high stage. No damage is reported in this neighborhood. The weather is clear and cool this evening, and no rain has fallen to-day.

The levees about Marysville are high above the freshet, and this city is absolutely secure against a much higher water than ever has been known or which will likely come in the future.

When freshets get as high as this of to-day, a further rise gives the water a chance to spread over many miles of country to the southward, se that there is no great strain on the city levees.

The present freshet has washed away all the snow on the foothill section, and leaves the rivers in a better condition to carry away the precipitation from any subsequent rain-storm in the mountains this season.

The great depth of snow in the high Sierras is rather a source of security than alarm, as it absorbs the rain like a sponge, while snow but a few feet in depth would have been washed down with the rain-water.

An inspection of the Marysville levees to-day would have convinced any visitor that there is no occasion for concern regarding the safety of this place from any probable flood. Up to 1868 the city was not encircled by levees, while the present levee system is calculated to withstand a flood of 22 feet above low-water mark. This is four feet higher than the highest water ever known.

To day not so much as a shovel has been lifted for protection or to repair the levees, which are in perfect condition, and kept under constant inspection.

GEORGETOWN DIVIDE.

Three Feet of Snow in the Town—Heavy Rain-fall.

GEORGETOWN, January 25th.—In the lower part of town, on Main street, the snow averages two and one half feet in depth, while in some localities it measures three feet. As we go east of town it grows rapidly in depth, and decreases rapidly as we go west. The Auburn and Placerville daily stages have not failed to make their regular trips, and freight wagons continue to arrive from Auburn with goods. We are not snow-bound yet.

Our young folks appear to have lost all their enthusiasm for sleigh-riding for the past two weeks. But the boys are running about on snow-shoes while their best girls are imprisoned within surrounding banks of snow, occasionally looking out from the window to see some brave go headlong into the snow with his big shoes piled on top.

Officer Fitzgerald, of this Signal Station, reports the rainfall for January at 14.72 inches; for season to date, 57.81; for last season to date, 13.73.

J. T. Curry, ditch agent on the Pilot creek division, reports 102 inches of snow for January to the 18th, and 204 for the season, besides 40.75 inches of rain. Allowing one inch of water for every ten inches of snow, the rainfall at that point for the season would be close to 61 inches. The point of observation was at Forni's, 20 miles east of Georgetown. The snow had obtained a depth of 12 feet when Mr. Curry left, and since the last storm it may be safely put at 13½ feet.

All Georgetown has had la grippe on the shovel this week. This disease is unanimously contagious, and repeats itself every 24 hours.

FAIR IONE.

The Beautiful Little Amador City is Submerged.

IONE, January 25th.—It has been raining continuously since yesterday morning. Main street of Ione is flooded. Sutter creek is higher than ever known and it is still raining. Water is in many of the houses causing considerable damage. At 9 A. M. two-thirds of the town is flooded and many of the families cannot get out of their houses.

At 4 P. M. the town is still flooded, but the water is falling. No train went out to Galt to-day, as one or two culverts are broken, but they will probably be repaired by to-morrow if it does not rain to-night.

It is not raining this afternoon, but it is threatening. This is the greatest flood since 1862, and has played havoc with lawns and flower gardens by flooding them with sand and mud. No word has been received from the farms on the low lands, but it is expected that they are badly damaged.

ROUND UP OF YOLO.

Many Cattle Drowned—Orchard and Vineyards Covered.

WOODLAND, January 25th.—Charles Coil, whose stock ranch is about one mile from Woodland, has had about sixty head of cattle drowned, and many more are in danger.

The telegraph lines north of here are down, as are also the telephone wires.

Reports from Knights Landing state that the Sacramento river is rising rapidly.

At Winters the Putah creek bank is full, and in some places running over vast fruit orchards and vineyards.

Late reports from Cacheville state that the water is standing in the warehouse, where many tons of grain are stored. On some of the ranches the water stands two feet deep in the dwellings.

Beyond Cachville and near Blacks for a distance of six hundred yards the railroad track is washed out. Breaks on the south side number many, and water is pouring over many farms, carrying away hay stacks, small outhouses, farming implements and piles of wood.

As soon as the water went over the levee at this side it struck the railroad track and carried about seven hundred feet of it away just this side of the bridge. The bridge is reported to be unsafe and may go at any time.

For the first time in twenty years Woodland is cut off from railroad communication. No trains have entered the town since yesterday, and none can come in before to-morrow, if then. This is caused by the washouts on the road. There is one between Yolo and Woodland, and one between Woodland and Knight's Landing.

Last night the Cache creek levee gave way on both sides, and the water went over the levee on the north side, covering many ranches and entering the houses and barns. The water then passed over the railroad grade and entered the town, which was entirely flooded.

IN SOLANO.

The Washout Near Dixon—Several Bridges Wrecked.

DIXON, January 25th.—The storm of the past two days has been the worst of the season. All the creeks are running over the banks and many bridges have been carried away.

Putah creek is still running high, but will probably fall a great deal before morning. The Stevenson bridge was washed away last night, and is now lodged with a large amount of other wreckage on the railroad bridge, the embankment of which was washed out yesterday. Nothing could be done to-day to repair the break on account of the high water and rapid current. A work train with a large crew of men went up to-night, and the break will probably be filled in by noon to-morrow.

Passenger trains are running regularly as far as this point.

ST. HELENA FLOODED.

Main Street Transferred into a Raging River.

ST. HELENA, January 25th.—Thursday night the heaviest storm of years visited us. It continued until this morning, when it entirely ceased. The rain descended in torrents, and yesterday morning washed out about 200 yards of the track of the Napa Valley Railroad, one mile this side of Calistoga. Other washouts along the line have caused the train to come to a standstill. The St. Helena early down train Friday morning reached here with difficulty, the high water almost putting out the fire in the engine.

No mail has been received here from San Francisco for the past twenty-four hours, but hopes are entertained that to-night a train will reach here. Calistoga mail was taken to that town from here by messenger Friday.

Main street has been transferred into a river and travel is almost checked. Pedestrians wandered along the sidewalks looking for a place to cross. The storm last night was terrific. Merchants, realizing how useless it was to try and do business, closed their places and sought their homes.

The water was higher last night than at any time previous, being within six inches of the floor of Long Bridge across Napa river. The country adjacent to the river was a vast sheet of water, and many small bridges and culverts were washed away. The rainfall for the past thirty-six hours was 5.36 inches; for the entire season, 51.61 inches.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST.

Condition of the Track—Milkman Drowned in the Overflow.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25th.—Orders were given out to-day for the narrow gauge trains on the Santa Cruz line to proceed only as far as High Street Station this afternoon. This was due to the fact that the heavy rain of last night had placed the track in such a condition as to prevent their going any further with safety.

One train went over the narrow gauge line only as far as San Jose this morning whose passengers were transferred at Alvarado. At Los Gatos and above Agnews the creeks have risen so as to almost put out the fires in the engines, and the engineers state that it was with difficulty they could keep their fires going.

Rain is reported as having fallen very heavily along the line last night. The latest information given out at the South Pacific Coast Railroad office is to the effect that trains will more than likely move at 8:15 in the morning, and proceed as far as San Jose, and from there to Glenwood. It could not be said positively that trains could get through to Santa Cruz, but there was a possibility that they would.

The principal trouble is between Mt. Eden and Alvarado. The track is not washed away, but is covered to a depth of two feet. Information has also been received here that a milkman was caught in the overflow a short distance from Alviso this morning and was drowned, as well as his team.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY.

A Man Drowned in Cosnadero Creek—Clearing Up.

GILROY, January 25th.—It has been raining steadily all day, but no repetition of this morning's flooded streets.

A landslide is reported at Sargent. No Southern trains this morning. A washout which occurred a couple of miles north of here is being repaired ready for the South-bound trains which are delayed near Lawrence Station. No trains arrived from any direction until a late hour this afternoon.

David Ronan, a section hand of the Southern Pacific Company, this morning at nine o'clock while pushing driftwood clear of the railway bridge at Cosnadero creek, some three miles south of here, lost his balance, falling from the upper side of bridge. He was carried by the swift current under the bridge. He appeared once on the surface, crying out for help, which was impossible to give him, and then was seen no more. Ronan was a native of Ireland, forty-five years of age, married but had no children.

At sunset the wind is north, with the appearance of clearing off.

PETALUMA CREEK BOOMING.

The Town is Partially Inundated—Heavy Damage.

PETALUMA, January 24th.—The rain continues. The creek and its tributaries are overflowing their banks, and for the past two days the city has been flooded, and if the rain continues the damage will be serious. F street and Washington street in East Petaluma are submerged and the sidewalks carried away, and the street cars compelled to stop running. The Petaluma Woolen Mills have been compelled to suspend operations, owing to the fact that water entered the mill and reached the boiler. Over 35 inches of rain have fallen up to date.

Orders have been received from headquarters for an election for Captain of Company C, owing to the resignation of Captain Winans.

The steamer Gold is detained at Petaluma, owing to the strong current in Petaluma creek.

The greater part of the furniture stock of the firm of Ellsworth & Co. is badly damaged, owing to the recent flood.

The passenger train was delayed this morning, owing to the condition of the bridge at Healdsburg.

LOS GATOS.

An Immense Downpour—County Roads Impassable.

LOS GATOS, January 25th.—The storm of the last forty-eight hours has been one of the most severe in the history of this section. For twenty-four hours, ending this morning, 6.14 inches of rain fell. The county roads through the mountains are impassable. Several large slides have occurred and four bridges were carried away by the swollen streams.

The San Jose Water Company's flumes suffered seriously from the slides, and much of the new pipe line was carried away. The railroad bridge on the side-track is badly damaged. Considerable damage was sustained at Campbell's station by the creek leaving its course.

Railroad communication has been cut completely off in both directions to-day by slides and washouts, but it is expected the track will be cleared north some time to-morrow. The rain has stopped, and there are indications of the storm being broken.

LOS ANGELES MOISTENED.

Steam and Cable Transportation at a Standstill.

LOS ANGELES, January 25th.—Rain began falling in torrents at noon to-day and continued without interruption for eight hours, and is falling now (10 P. M.) but not so hard. The streets are again turned into rivers. The Pacific Cable Company's power-houses are flooded, and the line is compelled to shut down. This company is the principal means of transportation about the city, operating nearly thirty miles of road. No trains went out on any of the roads to-night.

Repairs are all completed from the late storm, but as the new soil and road beds are not yet settled, it was considered unsafe to send out the trains until after a thorough inspection, and the result of to-day's trip were made known.

The greatest danger apprehended is from the melting of the immense quantities of snow which has fallen in the mountains.

The rain is accompanied by a very perceptible rise of temperature, and the snow is reported melting rapidly.

Gangs of men are out patrolling the banks and levees of the river to-night, keeping a close watch for breaks. Trouble is expected when the waters from Tejunga canyon arrive, which will not be before 2 A. M.

Condition at Jacinto.

WILLOWS, January 25th.—The rainfall for the last forty-eight hours was 2.12 inches; for the season, 22.69 inches. No special damage is reported in this vicinity, it being some twelve miles from the river. Trains from Fruto to Willows are making regular trips, though the track of the main line north and south is washed out in numerous places and cannot be repaired until the water recedes. No mail for two days. It is cloudy, but warm, the sun shining. The snow is melting from the adjacent mountains, and with the rains has swollen the streams and washed away small bridges. At Jacinto, on the Sacramento river, the streets are covered with water and the river is rising rapidly.

Apprehensive Islanders.

STOCKTON, January 25th.—The rain continued steadily last night. The water is rising rapidly in the San Joaquin river and in Stockton and Mormon channels. There is a heavy downpour in the mountains, which will raise the water in the streams dangerously high. In Stockton surface water has flooded many yards and lots and the basements of houses.

Telephone reports just received from Knight's Ferry say the people are moving out of the lower part of the town. If the water rises much more the town will be flooded.

People in this vicinity are not yet alarmed, but the residents of Roberts and Union islands are beginning to feel uneasy. So far the levees along the San Joaquin are sound.

In Santa Cruz County.

SAN LORENZO, January 25th.—The river was the highest ever known at 5 o'clock this morning, and flooded the lower end of Pacific avenue. At 6 o'clock the water rapidly receded. A portion of the upper bridge was swept down stream. The piles from under the approach to the railroad bridge at the mouth of the river was swept away. The damage done is small.

This evening the rain ceased, and the stars are shining. At Boulder to 7 A. M. to-day the rainfall for the season was 96.20 inches, the largest known in any locality in this State. Above Felton the county and railroad bridges suffered much damage.

Scary Report From Chico.

CHICO, January 25th.—The Sacramento river is over the banks and is flooding the entire country lying near it. It is estimated that it is fifteen feet higher than it was during the last flood. Telephone dispatches from the people along the river received this morning calling for help in the way of boats and men. Many families on the low lands are coming into town.

Chico creek and the sloughs are raging, and the river is higher than it has been for years. The snow in the mountains is reported to be melting fast. Every precaution is being taken and immediate help has been sent to threatened points.

The Russian River.

HEALDSBURG, January 25th.—The great storm ceased this morning at 3 o'clock. The Russian river continued to rise until daylight this morning, being 20 feet 6 inches higher than ever before known. Several houses near the river bank have been washed away, and one is now lodged against the railroad bridge. The occupants were rescued early in the morning. The Russian river valley was flooded to a depth of from four to six feet. A portion of Alexander valley bridge has been swept away. The water is rapidly falling and no further fears are entertained.

Rain Continues to Fall.

HOLLISTER, January 25th.—A heavy rain continued falling last night, after three days of heavy wind and has rained steadily for the past twenty hours, aggregating one and three-fourths inches, making eighteen inches for the season. The roads in the country are in a deplorable condition, and parts of the lower country are flooded. The first mail since yesterday has just arrived. The prospects are of the storm abating at this time. With the most favorable weather, it will be weeks before the farmers can cultivate their land.

Will Use the River Boats.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25th.—Superintendent Fillmore said to-day that he expects the washout at Avon can be repaired by midnight. In that case the snow-bound passengers of No. 4 will be got to this city from Port Costa by steamer in the morning. "If we get this gap patched, we will not take the east-bound passengers to Sacramento, but put them on the cars lower down, and send them away. The west-bound mail will be received by boat early to-morrow. If we can't get the road in shape we will send the east-bound passengers by boat to Sacramento and thence southward."

Condition at Napa.

NAPA, January 25th.—The rain has ceased, though it is still cloudy. The river is falling rapidly. When at its highest the water backed on Main street and entered the rear of the stores on the bank of the river and lacked only eight inches of going into the front doors of the business houses. The whole southern portion of the city was traversed by boats. The water is five feet deep at the steamer's warehouse. The population has been compelled to flee from Spanishtown.

Heavy Land Slides.

MARTINEZ, January 25th.—The heavy rains last night caused several heavy slides between here and Vallejo Junction. The Stockton local is laid up here, also freights Nos. 22 and 60. Central Pacific No. 4 and the Southern overland are side tracked at Avon, two miles north, owing to the track being washed at Pacheco creek. The steamer Amador has landed at the ferry wharf to transfer to Vallejo Junction. Bridges are washed out on the county roads.

Situation at Colusa.

COLUSA, January 25th.—The river lacks six feet of high water. Since 9 o'clock this morning the water has been running out in several cuts and breaks on the east side of the river about Colusa, which keeps it from rising here. A telegram reached here that all the trains on the northern road are cancelled, consequently no mail will arrive nor depart from Colusa to-day. No apprehensionss are felt on this side of the river.

The Coast Range of mountains are covered with snow.

The American Rising.

FOLSOM, January 25th.—The American river is booming. It has raised 19 feet since five o'clock last night, and continues to rise at the rate of half a foot per hour. The gauge now marks 30 feet. More than 22 feet of water is going over the big dam at the Prison. There is no loss of property reported yet.

FOLSOM, January 25th.—The American river has fallen two feet since 2 o'clock P. M. The weather is cooler and it is trying to clear up.

Yuba and Feather Falling.

MARYSVILLE, January 25th.—At 1 P. M. the Yuba is near the 14-foot mark, and still rising. The Feather is also rising. The Yuba and Feather are both reported to be falling at points above Marysville. The rivers here will probably soon subside.

OROVILLE, January 25th.—The weather is clear and the thermometer 47°. The river is falling at 7 P. M.

Bowers and Freeze, who were supposed to be lost in the snow on the Quincy road, are all right.

At a Standstill.

RED BLUFF, January 25th.—The river has risen one foot since last night. It is now twenty-two feet and at a standstill since daylight. Rains have ceased since 5 o'clock. Sixty-four hundredths of an inch have fallen during the night. The barometer is rising and the temperature is higher than yesterday morning. The sky is cloudy and rains are liable at any hour.

Abandoned Their Homes.

PLEASANTON, January 25th.—For the twenty-four hours ending at 7 o'clock this morning we had a rainfall of 2.13 inches. This was the heaviest rainfall since 1880. All the level country for one and a half miles east, north and west of the town is completely covered with water. Eight or ten families were compelled to abandon their residences. No serious damage is reported as yet. It is now clear and calm.

Losses at Merced.

MERCED, January 25th.—All the creeks are overflowing and the floods are threatening. The new iron bridge in course of construction over Bear creek has been swept away.

Water is coming into the northern portion of the city, but there is no danger of water coming into the main part of the town.

Livermore Flooded.

LIVERMORE, January 25th.—It has rained steadily since 9 o'clock last night. Nearly two inches of rain fell up to noon. The water is two feet deep running through portions of town, and doing considerable damage. There are several land slides in the canyon between here and Midway, and trains are badly delayed. The loss will be heavy on the low lands. There is no indication of the storm ceasing.

The Storm is Broken.

CORNING, January 25th.—The storm is broken. Indications are for fine weather. Four inches of rain has fallen for the last storm. The snow is melting in the mountains. Creeks are overflowed. The Sacramento is very high. There has been no mail from the south since Thursday. The roads are impassable between Maxwell and Orland.

Raining at Sims.

REDDING, January 25th.—At 10 A. M. the storm is at rest. It is clear in the north. There is no wind, rain or snow. No damage is reported in the county by the flood. The river here did not rise very high and is falling. All the surrounding streams are falling. There were no mails last night or this morning. It is raining at Sims.

The Bear River Levees.

MARYSVILLE, January 25th.—The Bear river levees on the Placer county side, opposite Wheatland, broke this morning. The gap is about 100 yards wide. Wheatland citizens are here engaging a large gang of men to work on the levee at that place, which is in danger. Fifty men will be taken down on a special train immediately.

Drowned in Sonoma Creek.

SONOMA, January 25th.—Sonoma creek was running bank full last night. The county bridge at Glenn Ellen was carried away. Two men, T. J. Sullivan, a blacksmith of this town, and Fred Justi, were on the structure at the time and were carried away with the bridge. Sullivan was drowned. Justi succeeded in saving himself.

The Severest Yet.

INDEPENDENCE, January 25th.—A terrific rain-storm, accompanied by high winds, thunder and lightning, has been raging throughout Owens valley for twenty-four hours, and it is snowing heavily in the mountains. The oldest settlers declare it is the most fearful storm ever occurring in the valley. All communication has been cut off for the last ten days.

High and Dry.

MARYSVILLE, January 25th.—The unprotected bottom lands are being overflowed, but the water has not risen above the base of the Marysville levee, whose crown is from ten to twelve feet above the present freshet. There is no apprehension of danger here or at Yuba City.

Clear at Gold Run.

GOLD RUN, January 25th.—It rained hard all night and until ten this morning. The track west of here is flooded in places and trains have to run carefully through the overflow. The weather is now calm and mild, with very little wind, but it is still threatening more storm.

High Water Feared.

FRESNO, January 25th.—It showered all last night and a steady downpour began this morning, with no indications of an abatement. The weather is warm and the snow is melting fast in the foothills. Very high water is feared.

Rain Changed to Snow.

DUTCH FLAT, January 25th.—It is snowing again this evening, after thirty hours of rain. The railroad is blocked east of Emigrant Gap. The blockaded passengers were taken out West. The barometer is low.

Very Much Discouraged.

NEWMAN, January 25th.—The storm commenced at 7 o'clock last night, and it is still raining hard. Farmers are very much discouraged. Never in the history of the west side has so much rain been known to fall at this period of the year.

Clear at Calistoga.

CALISTOGA, January 25th.—No rain here to-day and there is not a cloud in sight to-night. The rain-fall has been nearly forty-nine inches. The roads are in a very bad condition and trains and stages here have lately run irregularly.

Modest Modesto.

MODESTO, January 25th.—The rainfall for the past twenty-four hours is 1.06 inches, making a total of 15.16 inches for the season. The only damage in this section is the delay to farmers in putting in their grain, the ground being too wet to plow. It is still raining hard, but we are contented.

Wet Weather Streams Swollen.

GONZALES, January 25th.—A very heavy rain fell last night and to-day, nearly two inches, making a total for the season of about seventeen and one-half inches. The wet weather streams are all swollen to small rivers and almost impassable.

Fresno Alarmed.

FRESNO, January 25th.—At 8 P. M. it is still raining hard. Men are patrolling the canal east of the city to prevent a break. There is serious apprehension of a break and flood in the city before morning.

Latest From Truckee.

TRUCKEE, January 25th.—The blockade will probably be cleared to-night. The rotary is throwing snow at a lively rate, and the prospects are favorable for the running of through trains to-morrow morning.

Raining at Bakersfield.

BAKERSFIELD, January 25th.—A heavy wind all last night. At 2 P. M. to-day it commenced raining, with prospects of a hard rain all night.

Salinas River Very High.

SAN LUCAS, January 25th.—The rainfall for the past twenty-four hours is 2.23 inches. Salinas river is very high. No passenger trains south of Castroville.

Rain in the South.

SAN BERNARDINO, January 25th.—It has been cloudy all day and threatening rain. The storm commenced at 5:30 P. M., and the indications are that it will rain hard all night.

Provisions Scarce.

AUBURN, January 25th.—It rained up the mountains yesterday as far as Blue Canyon. Provisions are very scarce in some of the mountain towns of Placer county.

Evidently Over.

ORLAND, January 25th.—The storm is evidently over. Damage to crops is great by drowning out. Stony creek was the highest it ever has been, but is receding.

General Rejoicing.

REDDING, January 25th.—It has been a beautiful clear day. All appearances indicate the storm is over. There is a general rejoicing.

The Worst is Over.

WOODLAND, January 25th.—Reports from Yolo state that the water is falling rapidly. It is thought that the worst is over.

River at Nicolaus.

NICOLAUS, January 25th.—The river is thirteen feet six inches, and has risen five inches in the last two hours.

Little Drops of Water.

LOS ANGELES, January 25th.—Rain commenced falling at 11:30 o'clock to-day.

Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Rain in Southern California; local rains in northern; southwesterly winds; nearly stationary temperature.

Oregon and Washington—Rain and snow; southerly winds; slightly cooler.

MECHANICS AND MANUAL TRAINING

Short-Sighted Policy of the American Workingmen.

[From the Safety Valve.]

We have enjoyed numerous opportunities to discuss with intelligent workingmen the ultimate destiny of the American boy; we have heard the views of the most thoughtful among them with regard to the apprenticeship system, or rather the lack of it, in this country, but we have found but a very small number willing to say even a good word for the introduction of a course of manual training in the public schools. The argument they use against it is invariably the same; they are opposed to any movement that would result in overstocking the market for skilled labor by encouraging young men to enter the ranks of labor. It is useless to point out to them that their selfish action in this respect has already resulted in crowding the legal and medical professions, and forcing into them large numbers of young men who are but poorly equipped for their practice, in depressing the demand for clerks, salesmen, etc., until the services of those who have learned no other calling are a drug in the market, while the ranks of our artisans are recruited mainly from the immigrants arriving on our shores. They use the very facts quoted to point their own case, and assert that the condition of the thousands of struggling lawyers, doctors, clerks, etc., is a warning to them.

This is a selfish view to take of the situation, and one that is bound to recoil on the heads of those by whom it is entertained. Already we hear on all sides complaints as to the number of half-trained mechanics, whose work brings discredit on their calling and trouble to those who place reliance in it; and it is easy enough to discover the cause. Whereas, former claimants to the artisan ranks were compelled to undergo thorough preparation and instruction, in the shape of an apprenticeship, and enjoyed an abundant opportunity for practice as journeymen before being accepted as masters of their craft, they are freed from all such restrictions nowadays. A man with a bare smattering of a business finds little difficulty in securing employment provided he will make himself cheap enough, and he is soon able to fill, however imperfectly, the place of the mechanic.

Manual training at school would be the first step towards a remedy for this state of affairs. In place of starting in, after completing a course of schooling, during which no taste for manual work has been encouraged, to master the rudiments of a mechanical trade, the aspirant would soon be able to take a hand in practical operations at a point from which he would soon be able to reach a position where he would prove of value; in other words, before attaining the age at which his responsibilities as a member of the community commence, he would have gained by actual practice a fair knowledge of his business.

A knowledge of the first principles of mechanical work gained at school can not but tend to make the student a better mechanic, and with the advent of a better class of mechanics, the existence of the botch workman, who is after all the most dangerous competitor of skilled labor, will become impossible.

ROUGH VOYAGE.

The Steamer Sardinian Drifting at the Mercy of the Sea.

LONDON, January 24th.—The British steamer Sardinian, Captain Richardson, from Portland, January 9th, arrived at Liverpool last night. She reports very heavy weather. On January 16th an alarm of fire was caused by the bursting of the steam-gauge. In the meantime the funnel was smashed and the fires were sm